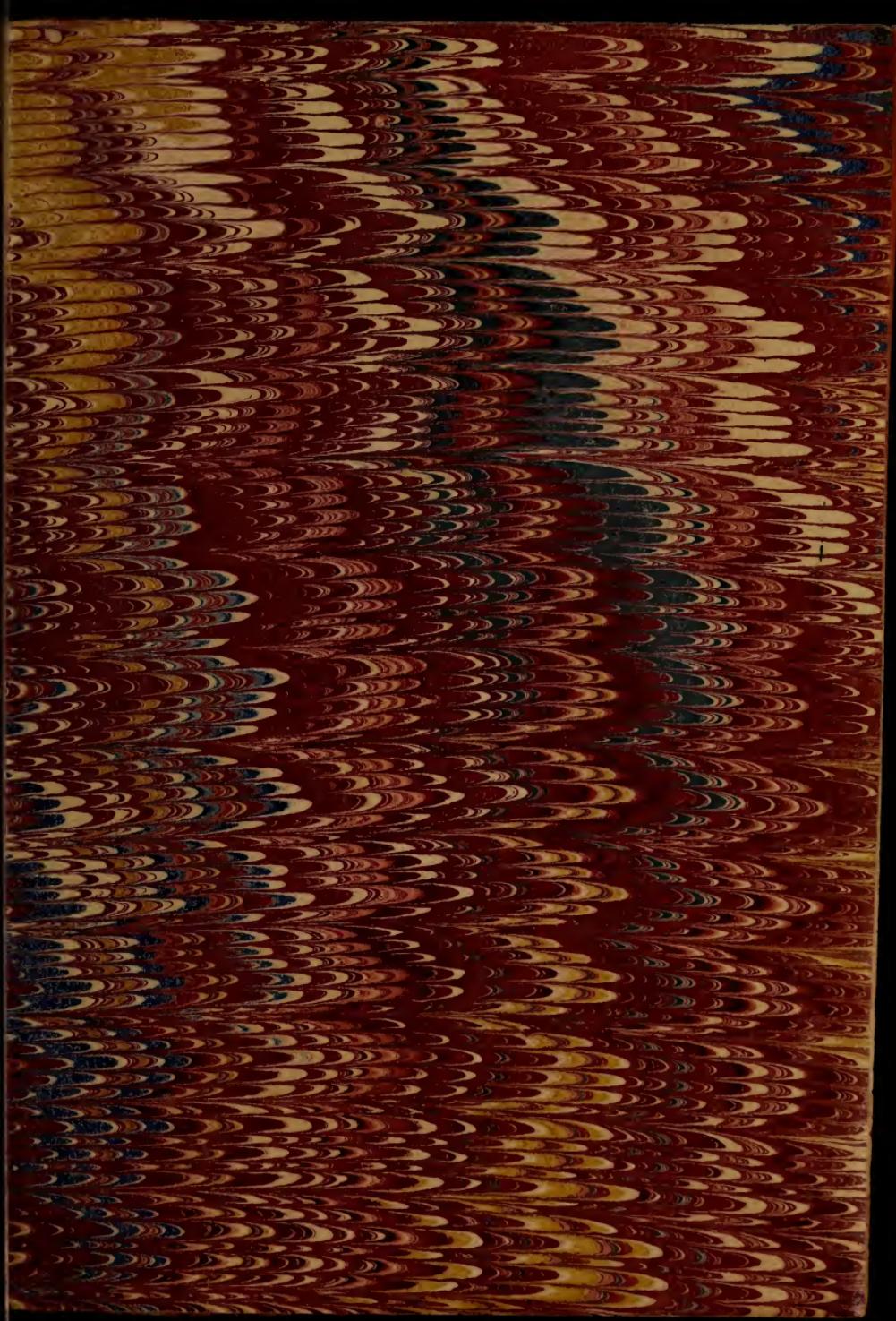




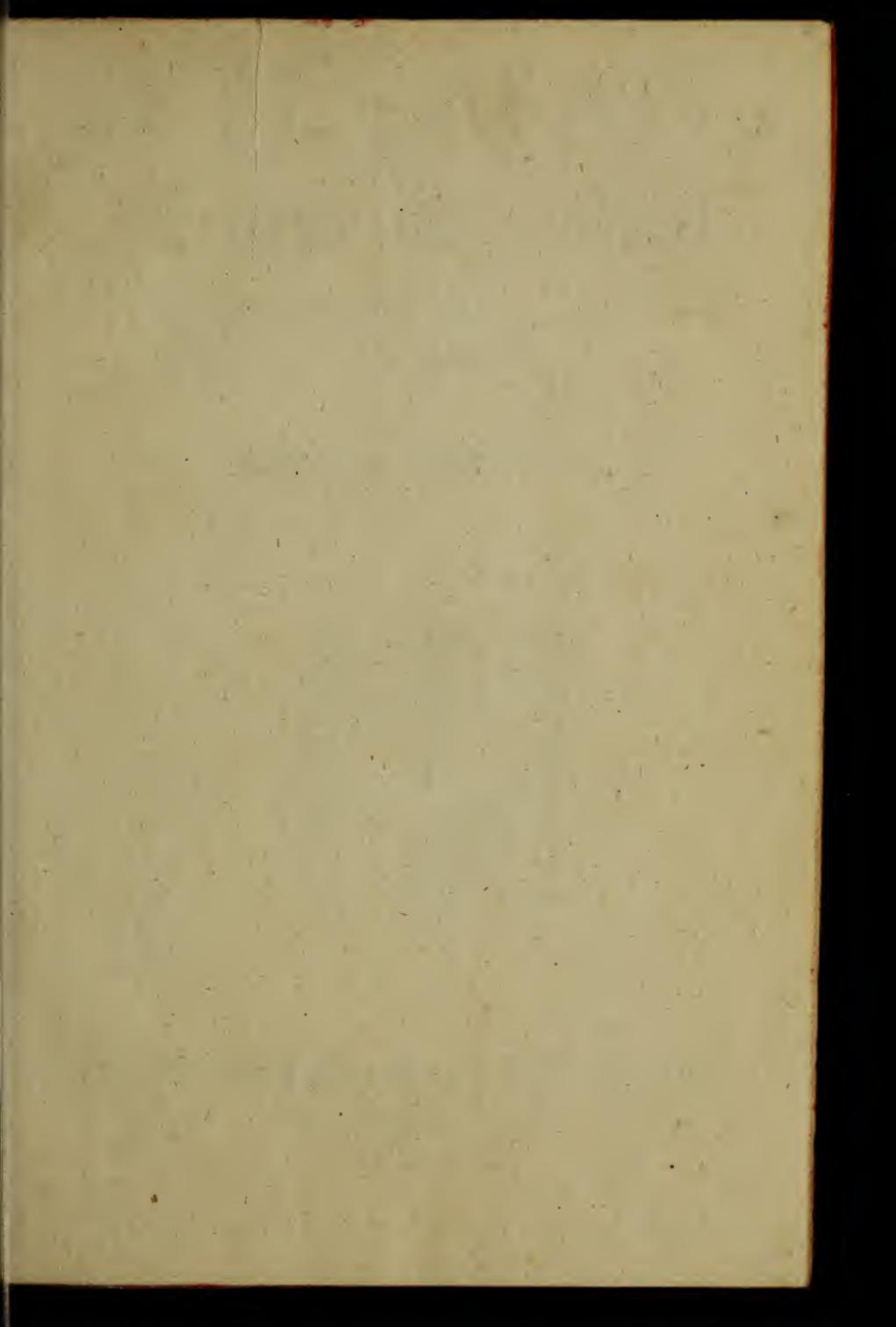
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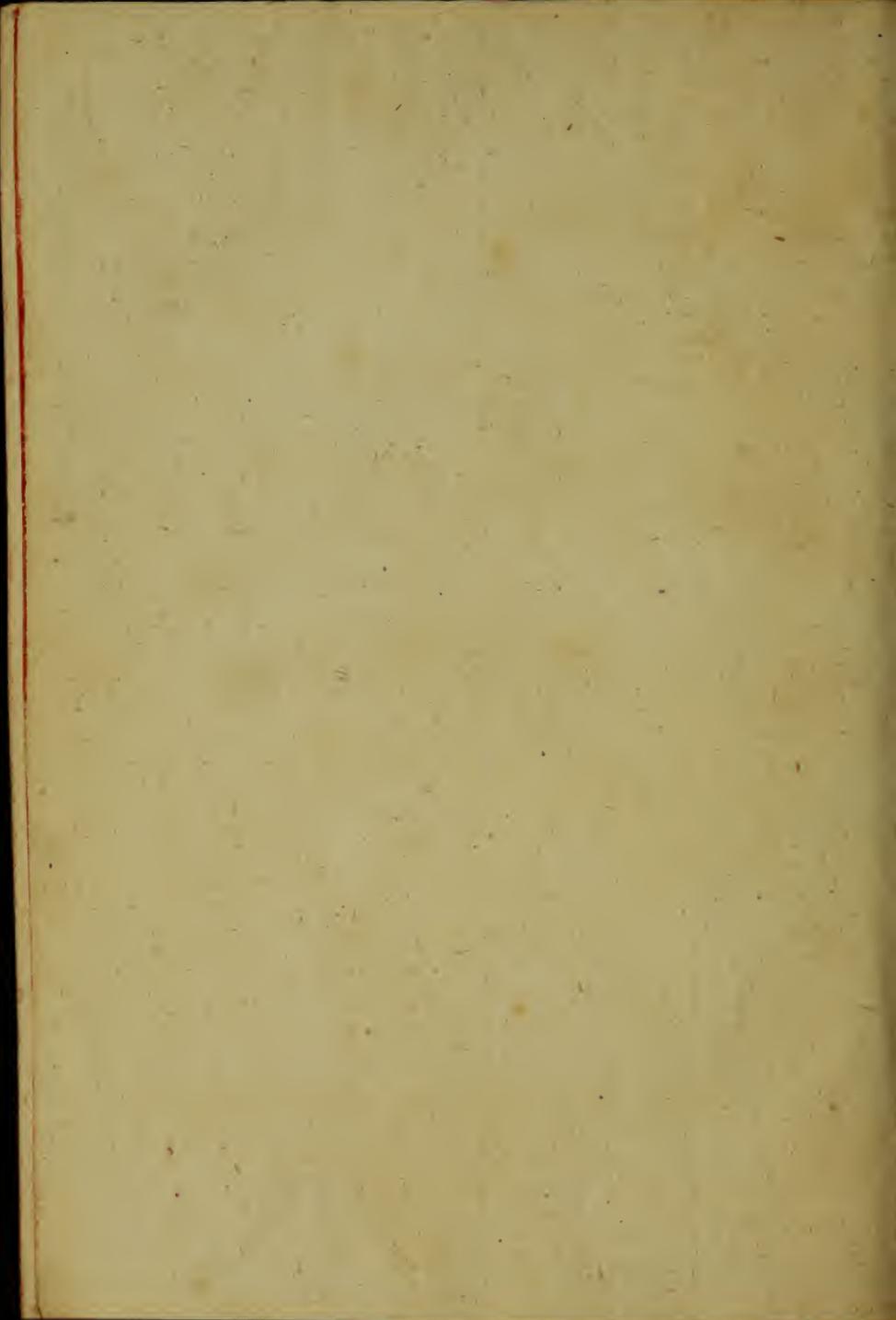


William Holgate.



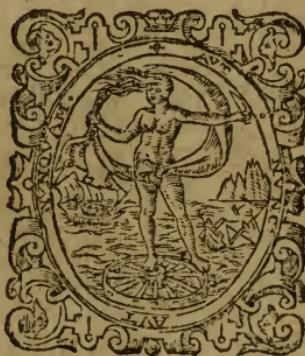
BOUNDED BY R. RIVIERE





A PLEASANT
Comedie, called
Summers last will and
Testament.

Written by Thomas Nash.



Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford,
for Walter Burre.

1600.

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S V M M E R S

last will and Testament.

*Enter Will Summers in his fooles coate but halse on,
comming out.*

Nostre peccatis, & fraudibus obiice nubemo.
There is no such fine tyme to play the knaue
in, as the night. I am a Goole or a Ghost at
least; for what with turmoyle of getting my
fooles apparell, and care of being perfit, I am
sure I haue not yet supt to night. *Will Sum-*
mers Ghost I should be, come to present you with Summers
last will, and Testament. Be it so, if my cousin Ned will lend
me his Chayne and his Fiddle. Other stately pac't Prologues
vse to attire themselues within: I that haue a toy in my head,
more then ordinary, and vse to goe without money, without
garters, without girdle, without a hat-band, without poynts to
my hole, without a knife to my dinner, and make so much vse
*of this word *without*, in euery thing, will here dresse me with-*
out. Dick Huntley cryes, Begin, begin: and all the whole
house, For shame come away; when I had my things but now
*brought me out of the *Lawndry*. God forgiue me, I did not*
see my Lord before. He set a good face on it, as though what
*I had talkt idly all this while, were my part. So it is, *boni viri*,*
that one foole presents another; and I a foole by nature, and
by arte, do speake to you in the person of the Idiot our Play-
maker. He like a Foppe & an Asse, must be making himselfe a
publike laughing stock, & haue no thanke for his labor; where
other Magisterij, whose inuention is farre more exquisite, are
content to sit still, and doe nothing. He shewe you what a

Summers last will

fcuruy Prologue he had made me in an old vayne of similitudes: if you bee good fellowes, giue it the hearing, that you may iudge of him thereafter.

The Prologue.

AT a solemne feast of the *Triumviri* in Rome, it was seene and obserued, that the birds ceased to sing, & satte solitaire on the house tops, by reason of the sight of a paynted Serpent set openly to view. So fares it with vs nouices, that here betray our imperfections: we, afraid to looke on the imaginary serpent of Envy, paynted in mens affections, haue ceased to tune any musike of mirth to your eares this twelue month, thinking, that as it is the nature of the serpent to hisse: so childhood and ignorance would play the gollings, contemning, and condemning what they vnderstood not. Their censures we wey not, whose fences are not yet vnkyndled. The little minutes will be continually striking, though no man regard them. Whelpes will barke, before they can see, and striue to byte, before they haue teeth. *Politianus* speaketh of a beast, who, while hee is cut on the table, drinketh, and represents the motions & voyces of a liuing creature. Such like foolish beasts are we, who, whilst we are cut, mocked, & flowted at, in euery mans common talke, will notwithstanding proceed to shame our selues, to make sport. No man pleaseth all, we seeke to please one. *Didymus* wrote foure thousand booke, or as some say, six thousand, of the arte of *Grammar*. Our Authour hopes, it may be as lawfull for him to write a thousand lines of as light a subiect. *Socrates* (whom the Oracle pronounced the wised man of Greece) sometimes daunced. *Scipio* and *Lelius* by the sea-side played at pebble-stone. *Semel insanitius omnes*. Euery man cannot, with *Archimedes*, make a heauen of brasse, or dig gold out of the iron mynes of the lawe. Such odde trifles, as Mathematicians experiments be, Artificiall flyest to hang in the ayre by themselues, daunsing balles, an egge-shell that shall clyme vp to the top of a speare, fiery breathing goares, *Poeta*, woster professeth not to make. *Placeat sibi quisq; licet*. What's a foole but his bable? Depee reaching wits, heere is no deepe streame.

streme for you to angle in. Moralizers, you that wrest a never meant meaning, out of euery thing, applying all things to the present time, keepe your attention for the common Stage: for here are no quips in Characters for you to reade. Vayne glozers, gather what you will. Spite, spell backwards, what thou canst. As the *Parthians* fight, flying away: so will wee prate and talke, but stand to nothing that we say.

How say you, my masters, doe you not laugh at him for a Coxcombe? Why, he hath made a *Prologue* longer then his Play: nay, 'tis no Play neyther, but a shewe. Ile be sworne, the ligge of Rowlands God-sonne, is a Gyant in comparison of it. What can be made of Summers last will & Testament? Such another thing, as *Cyllian of Braynfords* will, where shee bequeathed a score of farts amongst her friends. Forsooth, because the plague raignes in most places in this latter end of summer, Summer must come in sick: he must call his officers to account, yeeld his throne to Autumne, make Winter his Executour, with tittle tattle Tom boy: God giue you good night in Watling street. I care not what I say now: for I play no more then you heare; & some of that you heard to (by your leaue) was extempore. He were as good haue let me had the best part: for Ile be reueng'd on him to the vttermost, in this person of *Will Summer*, which I haue put on to play the *Prologue*, and meane not to put off, till the play be done. Ile sit as a *Chorus*, and flowte the *Actors* and him at the end of euery Sceane: I know they will not interrupt me, for feare of marring of alle: but looke to your cues, my masters; for I intend to play the knaue in cue, and put you besides all your parts, if you take not the better heede. *Actors*, you Rogues, come away, cleare your throats, blowe your noses, and wype your mouthes ere you enter, that you may take no occasion to spit or to cough, when you are *nonplus*. And this I barre ouer and besides, That none of you stroake your beardes, to make action, play with your cod-piece poynts, or stād fumbling on your buttons, when you know not how to bestow your fingers. Serue God, and act cleanly; a fit of mirth, and an old song first, if you will.

Summers last will

Enter Summer, leaning on Autumnes and Winters shoulders,
and attended on with a trayne of Satyrs, and Wood-
Nymphs, singing.

Fayre Summer droops, droope men and beasts therefore:

So fayre a summer looke for nener more.

All good things vanish, lesse then in a day,

Peace, plenty, pleasure sodainely decay.

Goe not yet away bright soule of the sad yeare.

The earth is hell, when thou lean'ſt to appeare.

What, ſhall thofe floweres that deckt thy garlanderſt,

Vpon thy grane be wätzfully diſperſt?

O trees, conſume your ſap in ſorrowes ſourſe.

Streaſes, turne to teares your tributary course.

Goe not yet hence, bright soule of the ſad yeare.

The earth is hell, when thou lean'ſt to appeare.

The Satyrs and wood-Nymphs goe out ſinging, and leane
Summer and Winter and Autumne on the ſtage.

Will Summer. A couple of pratty boyes, iſthey would wash
their faces, and were well breecht an houre or two. The rest
of the greene men haue reasonable voyces, good to ſing cat-
ches, or the great Iowben by the fireside, in a winters euening.
But let vs heare what Summer can ſay for himſelfe, why hee
ſhould not be liſt at.

Summer. What pleaſure alway laſts? no ioy endures:

Summer I was, I am not as I was:

Haruest and age haue whit'ned my greene head:

On Autumne now and Wintere muſt I leane.

Needs muſt he fall, whom none but foes vphold.

Thus muſt the happiest man haue his blacke day.

Omnibus una manet nox, & calcanda ſemel via lathi.

This month haue I layne languiſhing a bed,

Looking eche houre to yeeld my life, and thronē;

And dyde I had in deed vnto the earth,

But that Eliza Englands beauteous Queene,

On whom all ſeafons proſperously attend,

Forbad the execution of my fate,

Vntill

and Testament.

Vntill her ioyfull progresse was expir'd.
For her doth Summer liue, and linger here,
And wisheth long to liue to her content:
But wishes are not had when they wish well.
I must depart, my death-day is set downe:
To these two must I leaue my wheaten crowne.
So vnto vnthrifte rich men leaue their lands,
Who in an houre consume long labours gaynes.
True is it that diuinest Sidney sung,
O, he is mard, that is for others made.
Come neere, my friends, for I am neere my end.
In presence of this Honourable trayne,
Who loue me (for I patronize their sports)
Meane I to make my finall Testament:
But first Ile call my officers to count,
And of the wealth I gaue them to dispose,
Know what is left. I may know what to giue
Vertumnus then, that turnst the yere about.
Summon them one by one to answe me,
First Ver, the spring, vnto whose custody
I haue committed more then to the rest:
The choysse of all my fragrant meades and flowres,
And what delights soe're nature affords.

Vertum. I will, my Lord. *Ver,* lusty *Ver*, by the name of
lusty *Ver*, come into the court, lose a marke in issues.

Enter *Ver* with his trayne, overlayd with suites of greene mosse,
representing short grasse, singing.

The Song.

Spring, the sweete spring, is the yeres pleasant King,
Then bloomes eche thing, then maydes danunce in a ring,
Cold doeth not sting, the pretty birds doe sing,
Cuckow, ingge, ingge, pu we, to witta woo.
The Palme and May make countrey houses gay.
Lambs friske and play, the Shepherds pype all day,
And we heare aye, birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckow, ingge, ingge, pu we, to witta woo.

The

Summers last will

The fields breathe sweete, the dayzies kiss our feste,
Young louers meete, old wines a sunning set :
In every streete, these tunes our eares doe greet,
Cuckow, iugge, iugge, pu we, to witta woo.

Spring the sweete spring.

Will Summer. By my troth, they haue voyces as cleare as Christall: this is a pratty thing, if it be for nothing but to goc a begging with.

Summers: Beleeue me, Ver, but thou art pleasant bent,
This humor should import a harmlesse minde :
Knowst thou the reason why I sent for thee ?

Ver. No faith, nor care not, whether I do or no.
If you will daunce a Galliard, so it is: if not, Falangtado, Fa-
langtado, to weare the blacke and yellow : Falangtado, Falag-
tado, my mates are gone, Ile followe.

Summer. Nay, stay a while, we must confer and talke,
Ver, call to mind I am thy soueraigne Lord,
And what thou hast, of me thou hast, and holdst.
Vnto no other end I sent for thee,
But to deimaund a reckoning at thy hands,
How well or ill thou hast employd my wealth.

Ver. Ifthat be all, we will not disagree.
A cleane trencher and a napkin you shall haue presently.

Will Summer. The truth is, this fellow hath bin a tapster in his daies.

Ver goes in, and fetcheth out the Hobby horse & the morris
daunce, who daunce about.

Summer. How now? is this the reckoning we shall haue?

Winter. My Lord, he doth abuse you: brooke it not.

Autumne. Summa totalis I feare will proue him but a foole.

Ver. About, about, liuely, put your horse to it, reyne him
harder, ierke him with your wand, sit fast, sit fast, man; fole,
hold vp your ladle there.

Will Summer. O braue hall! O, well sayd, butcher. Now for
the credit of Wostershire. The finest set of Morris-dauncers
that is betweene this and Stretham: mary, me thinks there is
one

and Testament.

one of them daūceth like a Clothyers horse, with a wool-pack
on his backe. You friend with the Hobby-horse, goe not
too faste, for feare of wearing out my Lords tyle-stones with
your hob-nayles.

Ver. So, so, so, trot the ring twise ouer, and away. May it
please my Lord, this is the grand capitall summe, but there are
certayne parcels behind, as you shall see.

Summer. Nay, nay, no more; for this is all too much.

Ver. Content your selfe, we'le haue variety.

Here enter 3. Clownes, & 3. maids, singing this song, daunsing.

Trip and goe, heaue and hoo,

Vp and downe to and fro,

From the towne, to the groue,

Two, and two, let vs roue

A Maying, a playing :

Loue hath no gainsaying :

So merrily trip and goe.

Will Summer. Beshrew my heart, of a number of ill legs, I
neuer sawe worse daunsters : how blest are you, that the wen-
ches of the parish doe not see you !

Summer. Presumptuous *Ver.*, vnciuill nurturde boy,

Think'ſt I will be derided thus of thee ?

Is this th'account and reckoning that thou mak'ſt ?

Ver. Troth, my Lord, to tell you playne, I can giue you
no other account : *nam qua habui, perdidis;* what I had, I haue
spent on good fellowes, in these sports you haue seene, which
are proper to the Spring, and others of like sort, (as giuing
wenches greene gownes, making garlands for Fencers, and
tricking vp children gay) haue I bestowde all my flowry trea-
sure, and flowre of my youth.

Will Summer. A small matter. I knowe one spent in leſſe
then a yere, eyght and fifty pounds in mustard, and an other
that ranne in det, in the ſpace of four or five yeere, aboue
fourteene thouſand pound in late strings and gray paper.

Summer. O monſtrous vnthrifte, who e're heard the like ?
The ſea vailthrote in ſo ſhort tract of time,

Summers last will

Deuoureth nor consumeth halfe so much.

How well mightst thou haue liu'd within thy bounds?

Ver. What talke you to me, of living within my bounds? I tell you, none but Asses liue within their bounds: the silly beasts, if they be put in a pasture, that is eaten bare to the very earth, & where there is nothing to be had but thistles, will rather fall soberly to those thistles, and be hungerstaru'd, then they will offer to breake their bounds; whereasthe lusty courser, if he be in a barrayne plot, and spye better grasse in some pasture neere adioyning, breakes ouer hedge and ditch, and to goe, e're he will be pent in, and not haue his belly full. Peraduenture, the horses lately sworne to be stolne, carried that youthfull mind, who, if they had bene Asses, would haue bene yet extant.

Will Summers. Thus we may see, the longer we liue, the more wee shall learne: I ne're thought honestie an asse, till this day.

Ver. This world is transitory, it was made of nothing, and it must to nothing: wherefore, if wee will doe the will of our high Creatour, (whose will it is, that it passe to nothing) wee must helpe to consume it to nothing. Gold is more vile then men: Men dye in thousands, and ten thousands, yea, many times in hundreth thousands in one battaile. If then, the best husband bee so liberall of his best handyworke, to what ende should we make much of a glittering exrement, or doubt to spend at a basket as many pounds, as he spends men at a battaile? Me thinkes I honour *Geta* the Romane Emperour, for a braue minded fellow: for he commaunded a basket to bee made him of all meats vnder the Sunne; which were serued in after the order of the Alphabet; and the Clarke of the kitchin following the last dish (which was two mile off from the foremost) brought him an Index of their seuerall names: Neyther did he pingle when it was set on the boord, but for the space of three dayes and three nights, neuer rose from the Table.

Will Summers. O intolerable lying villayne, that was neuer begotten without the consent of a whetstone.

Summer.

and Testament.

Summer. Vngratioues man, how fondly he argueth !

Ver. Tell me, I pray, wherefore was gold layd vnder our feete in the veynes of the earth, but that wee shoulde contemne it, and tredde vpon it, and so consequently tredde thrift vnder our feete ? It was not knowne, till the Iron age, *donec facinus inuasit mortales*, as the Poet sayes; and the Scythians alwayes detested it. I will proue it, that an vnthrift, of any, comes neerest a happy man, in so much as he comes neerest to beggery. Cicero saith, *summum bonum consistes in omnium rerum vacante*, that it is the chiefest felicitie that may be, to rest from all labours. Now, who doeth so much *vacare à rebus*, who rests so much? who hath so little to doe, as the begger? Who can sing so merry a note, as he that cannot change a groate? *Cui nil est, nil deest*: hee that hath nothing, wants nothing. On the other side, it is said of the Carle, *Omnia habeo, nec quicquam habeo*: I haue all things, yet want euery thing. *Multi mibi virtus vertunt, quia egeo*, saith Marcus Cato in Aulus Gellius, *at ego illis, quia nequeunt egere*: Many vpbrayde me, sayth he, because I am poore: but I vpbrayd them, because they cannot liue if they were poore. It is a common prouerbe, *Divesq; miserg;*, a rich man, and a miserable: *nam natura paucis cōtentus*, none so contented as the poore man. Admit that the chiefest happines were not rest or ease, but knowledge, as Herillus, Alcidamas, & many of Socrates followers affirme; why, *pauperias omnes perdocet artes*, pouerty instructs a man in all arts, it makes a man hardy and venturous; and therefore it is called of the Poets, *Pauperias audax*, valiant pouerty. It is not so much subiect to inordinate desires, as wealth or prosperity. *Non habet unde suum pauperias pascat amorem*: pouerty hath not wherewithall to feede lust. All the Poets were beggers: all Alcumists, and all Philosophers are beggers: *Omnia mea men cum porto*, quoth Bias, when he had nothing, but bread and cheeze in a letherne bagge, and two or three bookees in his boosome. Saint Frauncis, a holy Saint, & neuer had any money. It is madnes to dote vpon mucke. That young man of Athens, (Aelianus makes mention of) may be an example to vs, who

Summers last will

doted so extremely on the image of Fortune, that when hee
inight not inioy it, he dyed for sorrow. The earth yelds all her
frutes together, and why should not we spend them together?
I thanke heauens on my knees, that haue made mee an vnt-
thrift.

Summer. O vanitie it selfe; O wit ill spent!
So studie thousands not to mend their liues,
But to maintayne the sinne they most affect,
To be hels aduocates against their owne soules.
Ver, since thou giu'it such prayse to beggery,
And hast defended it so valiantly,
This be thy penance; Thou shalt ne're appeare,
Or come abroad, but Lent shall wayte on thee:
His scarlity may counteruayle thy waste.
Ryot may flourish, but fades want at last.
Take him away, that knoweth no good way,
And leade him the next way to woe and want. *Exit Ver.*
Thus in the paths of knowledge many stray,
And from the meanes of life fetch their decay.

Will Summer. Heigh ho, Here is a coyle in deede to bring
beggers to stockes. I promise you truely, I was almost asleep;
I thought I had bene at a Sermon. Well, for this one nights
exhortation, I vow (by Gods grace) neuer to be good hus band
while I live. But what is this to the purpose? *Hur come to Powl*
(as the Welshman sayes) *and hur pay an halfe penny for hur seat,*
and hur heare the Preacher talge, and a talge very well by gis, but
yet a cannot make hur laugh: *goe a Theater, and heare a Queenes*
Fice, and he make hur laugh, and laugh hur belly-full. So we come
hither to laugh and be metry, and we heare a filthy beggerly
Oration, in the prayse of beggery. It is a beggerly Poet that
writ it: and that makes him so much commend it, because hee
knowes not how to mend himselfe. Well, rather then he shall
haue no imployment but likke dishes, I will set him a worke
my selfe, to write in prayse of the arte of stouping, and howe
there was neuer any famous Thresher, Porter, Brewer, Pio-
ner, or Carpenter, that had streight backe. Repaire to my
chamber,

and Testament.

chamber, poore fellow, when the play is done, and thou shale
see what I will say to thee.

Summer. *Vertumnus*, call *Solsticium*.

Vertum. *Solsticium*, come into the court without: peace
there below; make roome for master *Solsticium*.

Enter *Solsticium* like an aged Hermit, carrying a payre of
ballances, with an houre-glasse in eyther of them; one houre-glasse
white, the other blacke: he is brought in by a number of Shepherds,
playing vpon Recorders.

Solsticium. All hayle to Summer my dread soueraigne Lord,

Summer. Welcoine, *Solsticium*, thou art one of them,
To whose good husbandry we haue referr'd
Part of those small reuenues that we haue.

What hast thou gaynd vs? what hast thou brought in?

Solsticium. Alas, my Lord, what gaue you me to keepe,
But a fewe dayes eyes in my prime of youth?
And those I haue conuerted to white hayres:
I neuer lou'd ambitiously to clyme,
Or thrust my hand too farre into the fire.
To be in heauen, sure, is a blessed thing:
But Atlas-like, to proppe heauen on ones backe,
Cannot but be more labour then delight.
Such is the state of men in honour plac'd;
They are gold vessels made for seruile vses,
High trees that keepe the weather from low houses,
But cannot sheld the tempest from themselues.
I loue to dwell betwixt the hilles and dales;
Neyther to be so great to be enuide,
Nor yet so poore the world should pitie me.
Inter rtrumq; tene, medio tutissimus ibis.

Summer. What doest thou with those ballances thou bearste?

Solsticium. In them I weigh the day and night alike.
This white glasse is the houre-glasse of the day:
This blacke one the iust measure of the night;
One more then other holdeth not a grayne:

Summers last will

Both serue times iust proportion to mayntayne.

Summer. I like thy moderation wondrous well:
And this thy ballance, wayghing the white glasse
And blacke, with equall poyze and stedfast hand,
A patterne is to Princes and great men,
How to weigh all estates indifferently :
The Spirituallty and Temporalty alike,
Neyther to be too prodigall of syngles,
Nor too seuere in frowning without cause.
If you be wise, you Monarchs of the earth,
Hauetwo such glasses still before your eyes;
Thinke as you haue a white glasse running on,
Good dayes, friends fauor, and all things at beck,
So this white glasse runne out (as out it will)
The blacke comes next, your downfall is at hand,
Take this of me, for somewhat I haue tryde;
A mighty ebbe followes a mighty tyde.
But say, *Solsticium*, hadst thou nought besidz?
Nought but dayes eyse, and faire looks, gaue I thee ?

Solsticium. Nothing my Lord, nor ought more did I ask.

Summer. But hadst thou alwayes kept thee in my sight,
Thy good deserts, though silent, would haue askt.

Solst. Deserts, my Lord, of ancient seruitours,
Are like old sores, which may not be ript vp :
Such vse these times haue got, that none must beg,
But those that haue young limmes to lauish fast.

Summer. I grieue, no more regard was had of thee :
A little sooner hadst thou spoke to me,
Thou hadst bene heard, but now the time is past :
Death wayteth at the dore for thee and me;
Let vs goe measure out our beds in clay :
Nought but good deedes hence shall we beare away.
Be, as thou wert, best steward of my howres,
And so returne vnto thy countrey bowres.

Herr Solsticium goes out with his musike,
as he comes in.

and Testament.

Will Summer. Fye, fye of honesty, fye : Solstitium is an asse,
perdy, this play is a gally-maufrey : fetch mee some drinke,
some body. What cheere, what cheere, my hearts? are not
you thirsty with listening to this dry sport? What haue we to
doe with scales, andhower-glasses, except we were Bakers, or
Clock-keepers? I cannot tell how other men are addicted, but
it is against my profession to vse any scales, but such as we play
at with a boule, or keepe any howers, but dinner or supper.
It is a pedanticall thing, to respect times and seasons : if a man
be drinking with good fellowes late, he must come home, for
feare the gates be shut; when I am in my warme bed, I must
rise to prayers, because the bell rings. I like no such foolish
customes. **Actors,** bring now a black Jack, and a rundlet of
of Renish wine, disputing of the antiquity of red noses; let the
prodigall childe come out in his dublet and hose all greasy, his
shirt hanging forth, and ne're a penny in his purse, and talke
what a fine thing it is to walke summerly, or sit whistling vnder
a hedge and keepe hogges. Go forward in grace and vertueto
proceed; but let vs haue no more of these graue matters.

Summer. *Vertumnus*, will Sol come before vs.

Vertumnus. Sol, Sol, vt, re, me, fa, sol, come to church while
the bell toll.

*Enter Sol, verie richly attir'd, with a noyse of Musicians
before him.*

Summer. I marrie, here comes maiestie in pompe,
Resplendent Sol, chiefe planet of the heauens,
He is our seruant, lookes he ne're so big.

Sol. My liege, what crau'st thou at thy vassals hands?

Summer. Hypocrisie, how it can change his shape!
How base is pride from his owne dunghill put?
How I haue rail'd thee, Sol, I list not tell,
Out of the Ocean of aduersitie,
To sit in height of honors glorious heauen,
To be the eye-sore of aspiring eyes,

Summers last will

To giue the day her life, from thy bright lookes,
And let nougnt thrine vpon the face of earth,
From which thou shalt withdraw thy powerful smiles.
What hast thou done deseruing such his grace?
What industrie, or meritorious toyle,
Canst thou produce, to proue my gift well plac'de?
Some seruice, or some profit I expect:
None is promoted but for some respect.

Sol. My Lord, what needs these termes betwixt vs tw^e of
Vpbraiding, ill beseemes your bounteous mind:
I do you honour for aduancing me.
Why, tis a credit for your excellencie,
To haue so great a subiect as I am:
This is your glorie and magnificence,
That without stouping of your mightinesse,
Or taking any whit from your high state,
You can make one as mightie as your selfe.

Autumno. O arrogance exceeding all beliefe!
Summer my Lord, this sawcie vpstart Iacke,
That now doth rule the chariot of the Sunne,
And makes all starres deriuue their light from him,
Is a most base insinuating slau,
The sonne of parsimony, and disdaine,
One that will shine, on fiends and foes alike,
That vnder brightest smiles, hideth blacke showers:
Whose eniuious breath doth dry vp springs and lakes,
And burnes the grasse, that beastes can get no foode.

Winter. No dunghill hath so vilde an excrement,
But with his beames hee will forthwith exhale:
The fennes and quag-myres ticke to him their filth:
Foorth purest mines he suckes a gainefull drosse:
Greene Iuy-bushes at the Vintners doores
He withers, and deuoureth all their sap.

Autumne. La'scious and intemperate he is.
The wrong of *Daphne* is a well knowne tale:
Eche euening he delcends to Theris lap,

and Testament.

The while men thinke he bathes him in the sea,
O, but when he returneth whence he came,
Downe to the West, then dawnes his deity,
Then doubled is the swelling of his lookes;
He ouerloades his carre with Orient gemmes,
And reynes his fiery horses with rich pearle:
He termes himselfe the god of Poetry,
And setteth wanton songs vnto the Lute.

Winter. Let him not talke; for he hath words at will,
And wit to make the baddest matter good. (or truth?)

Summer. Bad words, bad wit: oh, where dwels faith
Ill vsury my fauours reape from thee,
Vsuring *Sol*, the hate of heauen and earth.

Sol. If Enuy vncounfuted may accuse,
Then Innocence must vndeclared dye.
The name of Martyrdome offence hath gaynd,
When fury stopt a froward Judges eares.
Much Ile not say (much speech much folly shewes)
What I haue done, you gaue me leauue to doe.

The excrements you bred, whereon I feede,
To rid the earth of their contagious fumes;
With such grosse carriage did I loade my beames,
I burnt no grasse, I dried no springs and lakes:
I suckt no mines, I withered no greene boughes.
But when to ripen haruest I was forc't,
To make my rayes more feruent then I wont,
For *Daphnes* wrongs and scapes in *Thetis* lap,
All Gods are subiect to the like mishap.

Starres daily fall (tis vse is all in all)
And men account the fall but natures course:
Vaunting my iewels, hasting to the West,
Or rising early from the gray ei'de morne,
What do I vaunt but your large bountihood
And shew how liberal a Lord I serue.
Musique and poetrie, my two last crimes,
Are those two exercises of delight,

Summers last will

Wherewith long labours I doe weary out.
The dying Swanne is not forbid to sing.
The waues of *Heber* playd on *Orpheus* strings,
When he (sweete musiques *Trophe*) was destroyd.
And as for Poetry, woods eloquence,
(Dead *Phaetons* three sisters funerall teares
That by the gods were to *Electrum* turnd)
Not flint, or rockes of Icy cynders fram'd,
Deny the sourse of siluer-falling streames.
Enuy enuieth not outcryes vnrest :
In vaine I pleade, well, is to me a fault,
And these my words see me the flyght webbe of arte,
And not to haue the taste of sounder truth.
Let none but fooles, be car'd for of the wise ;
Knowledge owne children, knowledge most despise.

Sumer. Thou know'st too much, to know to keepe the
He that sees all things, oft sees not himselfe. (meane.
The *Thames* is witnesse of thy tyranny,
Whose waues thou hast exhaust for winter shoures.
The naked channell playnes her of thy spite,
That laid'st her intrailes vnto open sight.
Vnprofitably borne to man and beast,
Which like to *Nilus* yet doth hide his head,
Some few yeare's since thou let'st o'reflow these walks,
And in the horse-race headlong ran at race,
While in a cloude, thou hid'st thy burning face :
Where was thy care to rid contagious filth,
When some men wetshod, (with his waters) droupt?
Others that ate the Ecles his heate cast vp,
Sickned and dyde by them impoysoned.
Sleep'st thou, or keep'st thou then *Admetus* sheepe,
Thou driu'st not back these flowingsto the deepe?

Sol. The winds, not I, haue floods & tydes in chase:
Diana, whom our fables call the moone,
Only commaundeth o're the raging mayne,
Shee leads his wallowing offspring vp and downe,

Shee

and Testament.

Shee wayning, all stremes ebbe in the yeare :
Shee was eclipsit, when that the *Thames* was bare.

Summer. A bare conjecture, builded on perhaps;
In laying thus the blame vpon the moone,
Thou imitat'st subtil *Pythagoras*,
Who, what he would the people shold beleue,
The same he wrote with blood vpon a glasse,
And turnd it opposite gainst the new moone;
Whose beames reflecting on it with full force,
Shewd all those lynes, to them that stood behinde,
Most playnly writ in circle of the moone,
And then he said, Not I, but the new moone
Faire *Cynthia* perswades you this and that;
With like collusion shale thou not blind mee :
But for abusing both the moone and mee,
Long shale thou be eclipsed by the moone,
And long in darknesse liue, and see no light.
Away with him, his doome hath no reuerse.

Sol. What is eclipsit, will one day shine againe :
Though winter frownes, the Spring wil ease my paine.
Time, from the brow, doth wipe out euery stayne.

Exit Sol.

Will Summer. I thinke the Sunne is not so long in passing
through the twelue signes, as the sonne of a foole hath bin dis-
puting here, about had I wist. Out of doubt, the Poet is bribde
of some that haue a messe of creame to eate, before my Lord
goe to bed yet, to hold him halfe the night with raffe, raffe, of
the rumming of Elanor. If I can tell what it meanes, pray god,
I may neuer get breakfast more, when I am hungry. Troth,
I am of opinion, he is one of those *Hieroglificall* writers, that by
the figures of beasts, planets, and of stones, expresse the mind,
as we doe in A. B. C. or one that writes vnder hayre, as I
haue heard of a certaine Notary *Histions*, who following *Dae-
rius* in the Persian warres, and desirous to disclose some se-
crets of import, to his friend *Aristagoras*, that dwelt afarre
off, found out this meanes: He had a seruant that had bene

Summers last will

long sicke of a payne in his eyes, whom, vnder pretence of curing his maladie, he shau'd from one side of his head, to the other, and with a soft pensill wrote vpon his scalpe, (as on parchment) the discourse of his busines, the fellow all the while imagining, his master had done nothing but noynt his head with a feather. After this, hee kept him secretly in his tent, till his hayre was somewhat growne, and then wil'd him to go to Aristagoras into the countrey, and bid him shau'e him, as he had done, and he should haue perfyt remedie. He did so: Aristagoras shau'd him with his owne hands, read his friends letter; and when hee had done, washt it out, that no man should perceyue it else, and sent him home to buy him a night-cap. If I wist there were any such knauery, or Peter Bales Brachigraphy, vnder Sol's bushy hayre, I would haue a Barber, my hoite of the Murrions head, to be his Interpretour, who would whet his rasor on his Richmond cap, and giue him the terrible cut, like himselfe, but he would come as neere as a quart pot, to the construction of it. To be sententious, nor superfluous, Sol should haue bene beholding to the Barbour, and not the beard-master. Is it pride that is shadowed vnde, a der this two-leg'd Sunne, that never came neerer heauen, dles then Dubbers hill? That pride is not my sinne, Slouens Hall, where I was borne, be my record. As for couetousnes, intemperance and exactiōn, I meet with nothing in a whole yeare, but a cup of wine, for such vices to bee conuersant in. Pergite porro, my good children, and multiply the sinnes of your absurdities, till you come to the full measure of the grand hisse, and you shall heare how we will purge rewme with censuring your imperfections.

Summer. *Vertumnus*, call *Orion*.

Vertum. *Orion*, *Vrion*, *Arion*; my Lord thou must looke vpon: *Orion*, gentleman dogge-keeper, huntsman, come into the court: looke you bring all hounds, and no bandogges. Peace there, that we may heare their hornes blow.

Enter *Orion* like a hunter, with a borne about his necke, all his men after the same sort halloving, and blowing their hornes.

Orion

and Testament.

Orion. Sirra, wast thou that cal'd vs from our game?
How durst thou (being but a pettie God)
Disturbe me in the entrance of my sports?

Summer. Twas I, *Orion*, caus'd thee to be calde.

Orion. 'Tis I, dread Lord, that humbly will obey.

Summer. How haps't thou left the heauens, to hunt below?

'As I remember, thou wert *Hireus* sonne,
Whom of a huntsman loue chose for a starre,
And thou art calde the Dog-starre, art thou not?

Autumne. Pleaseth your honor, heauens circumference
Is not ynough for him to hunt and range, (rence
But with those venome-breathed cures he leads,
He comes to chase health from our earthly bounds;
Each one of those foule-mouthed mangy dogs
Gouernes a day, (no dog but hath his day)
And all the daies by them so gouerned,
The Dog-daises hight, infectious fosterers
Of meteors from carrion that arise,
And putrified bodies of dead men,
Are they ingendred to that ougly shape,
Being nought els but preseru'd corruption.
Tis these that in the entrance of their raigne
The plague and dangerous agues haue brought in.
They arre and bark e at night against the Moone,
For fetching in fresh tides to cleanse the streetes.
They vomit flames, and blast the ripened fruites:
They are deathes messengers vnto all thosse,
That sicken while their malice beareth sway.

Orion. A tedious discourse, built on no ground,
A sillie fancie *Autumne* hast thou told,
Which no Philosophie doth warrantize,
No old receiued poetrie confirmes.
I will not grace thee by confuting thee:
Yet in a iest (since thou railest so gainst dogs).
He speake a word or two in their defence:
That creature's best that comes most neere to men.

Summers last will

That dogs of all come neerest, thus I proue :
First they excell vs in all outward fence,
Which no one of experience will deny,
They heare, they smell, they see better then we,
To come to speech they haue it questionlesse,
Although we vnderstand them not so well :
They barke as good old Saxon as may be,
And that in more varietie then we :
For they haue one voice when they are in chase,
Another, when they wrangle for their meate,
Another, when we beatethem out of dores.
That they haue reason, this I will alleadge,
They choose those things that are most fit for them,
And shunne the contrarie all that they may,
They know what is for their owne diet best,
And seeke about for't very carefully.
At sight of any whip they runne away,
As runs a thiefe from noise of hue and crie :
Nor liue they on the sweat of others browes,
But haue their trades to get their living with,
Hunting and conie-catching, two fine artes:
Yea, there be of them as there be of men,
Of euerie occupation more or lesse :
Some cariers, and they fetch, some watermen,
And they will diue and swimme when you bid them :
Some butchers, and they worrie sheep by night :
Some cookes, and they do nothing but turne spits,
Chrisippus holds, dogs are Logicians,
In that by studie and by canuasing,
They can distinguish twixt three feuerall things,
As when he commeth where three broad waies meet,
And of those three hath staid at two of them,
By which he geslēth that the game went not,
Without more pause he runneth on the third,
Which, as *Chrisippus* saith, insinuates,
As if he reason'd thus within himselfe :

and Testament.

Eyther he went this, that, or yonder way,
But neyther that, nor yonder, therefore this;
But whether they Logicians be or no,
Cinicks they are, for they will snarle and bite,
Right courtiers to flatter and to fawne,
Valiant to set vpon the enemies,
Most faithfull and most constant to their friends;
Nay they are wise, as *Homer* witnesleth,
Who talking of *Vlisses* comming home,
Saith all his houshold, but *Argus* his Dogge,
Had quite forgot him: I, and his deepe insight,
Nor *Pallas* Art in altering of his shape,
Nor his base weeds, nor absence twenty yeares,
Could go beyond, or any way delude.
That Dogges Phisicians are, thus I inferre,
They are ne're sicke, but they know their disease,
And finde out meanes to ease them of their griefe,
Speciall good Surgions to cure dangerous wounds:
For strucken with a stake into the flesh,
This policie they vse to get it out:
They traile one of their feet vpon the ground,
And gnaw the flesh about where the wound is,
Till it be cleane drawne out: and then, because
Vlcers and sores kept fowle, are hardly curde,
They licke and purifie it with their tongue,
And well obserue Hipocrates old rule,
The onely medicine for the foote, is rest:
For if they haue the least hurt in their feet,
They beare them vp, and looke they be not stird:
When humours rise, they eate a soueraigne herbe,
Wherby what cloyes their stomacks, they cast vp,
And as some writers of experiance tell,
They were the first inuented vomiting.
Sham'st thou not, *Autumne*, vnadvisedly
To slander such rare creatures as they be?
Summer, We cal'd thee not, *Orion*, to this end,

Summers last will

To tell a storie of dogs qualities.
With all thy hunting how are we inricht?
What tribute payest thou vs for thy high place?
Orion. What tribute should I pay you out of noughe?
Hunters doe hunt for pleasure, not for gaine.
While Dog-dayes last, the haruest safely thriues:
The sunne burnes hot, to finish vp fruits grouth:
There is no bloud-letting to make men weake:
Physicians with their *Cataposis,*
r. tittle *Elinctoria:*
Masticatorium and *Cataplasmata:*
Their Gargarismes, Clisters, and pitcht clothes,
Their perfumes, sirrups, and their triacles,
Refraine to poyson the sicke patients,
And care not minister till I be out.
Then none will bathe, and so are fewer drownd:
All lust is perilsome, therefore lesse vs de.
In briefe, the yeare without me cannot stand:
Summer, I am thy staffe, and thy right hand.
Summer. A broken staffe, a lame right hand I had,
If thou wert all the stay that held me vp.
Nihil violentum perpetuum.
No violence that liueth to olde age,
Ill-gouern'd stafe, that never boad'st good lucke,
I banish thee a twelue-month and a day,
Forth of my presence, come not in my sight,
Nor shewe thy head, so much as in the night.
Orion. I am content, though hunting be not out,
We will goe hunt in hell for better hap.
One parting blowe, my hearts, vnto our friends,
To bid the fields and huntsmen all farewell:
Tosse vp your bugle hornes vnto the starres.
Toyle findeth eare, peace followes after warres.

Exit.

Here

and Testament.

Here they goe out, blowing their hornes,
and hallowing, as they came in.

Will Summer. Faith, this Steane of Orion, is right *prandium caninum*, a dogs dinner, which as it is without wine, so here's a coyle about dogges, without wit. If I had thought the ship of fooles would haue stayde to take in fresh water at the Ile of dogges, I would haue furnisht it with a whole kennell of collections to the purpose. I haue had a dogge my selfe, that would dreame, and talke in his sleepe, turne round like Ned foole, and sleepe all night in a porridge pot. Marke but the skirmish betweene sixpence and the foxe, and it is miraculous, how they ouercome one another in honorable curtesy. The foxe, though he weares a chayne, runnes as though he were free, mocking vs (as it is a crafty beast) because we, hauing a Lord and master to attend on, rutte about at our pleasures, like masterles men. Young sixpence, the best page his master hath, playes a little, and retires. I warrant, he will not be farre out of the way, when his master goes to dinner. Learne of him, you deminitiue vrchins, howe to behauie your selues in your vocation, take not vp your standings in a nut-tree, when you should be waiting on my Lords trencher. Shoote but a bit at buttes, play but a span at poyntes. What euer you doe, *memento mori*: remember to rise betimes in the morning.

Summer. *Vertumnus*, call *Haruest*.

Vertumnus. Haruest, by west, and by north, by south and southeast, shewe thy selfe like a beast. Goodman *Haruest* yeoman, come in, and say what you can: roome for the sithe and the sicklesthere.

Enter *Haruest* with a sythe on his neck, & all his reapers with scythes, and a great black bowle with a posset in it, borne before him: they come in singing.

Summers last will

The Song.

Merry,merry,merry,cheary,cheary,cheary,
Trowle the black bowle to me,
Hey derry,derry,with a poupe and a lerry,
Ile trowle it againe to thee:
Hooky hooky, we haue shorne,
and we haue bound,
And we haue brought Haruest
home to towne.

Summer. Haruest, the Bayly of my husbandry,
What plenty haft thou heapt into our Barnes?
I hope thou haft sped well thou art so blithe.

Haruest. Sped well, or ill sir, I drinke to you on the same:
Is your throate cleare to helpe vs to sing, hooky, hooky?

Heere they all sing after him,

Hooky,hooky, we haue shorne,
and we haue bound,
And we haue brought haruest
home to towne.

Autumne. Thou Coridon, why answerst not direct?
Haruest. Answere? why friend, I am no tapster, to say, A-
non,anon, sir: but leaue you to molest me, goodman tawny
leaues, for feare (as the prouerbe sayes, leaue is light) so I mow
off all your leaues with my fithe.

Winter.

and Testament.

Winter. Mocke not, & mowe not too long you were best,
For feare we whet not your sythe vpon your pate.

Summer. Since thou art so peruerse in answering,
Haruest, heare what complaints are brought to me.
Thou art accused by the publike voyce,
For an ingrosser of the common store,
A Carle, that hast no conscience, nor remorse,
But doost impouerish the fruitfull earth,
To make thy garners rise vp to the heauens.
To whom giuelst thou? who feedeth at thy boord?
No almes, but vnreasonable gaine,
Disgaies what thy huge yron teeth deuo are:
Small beere, course bread, the hynds and beggers cry,
Whilst thou with holdest both the mault and flowre,
And giu'st vs branne, and water, (fit for dogs.)

Haruest. Hooky, hooky, if you were not my Lord, I would say you lye. First and formost you say I am a Grocer. A Grocer is a citizen: I am no citizen, therefore no Grocer. A hoorder vp of graine: that's false; for not so much but my elbowes eate wheate euery tyme I leane on them. A Carle: that is as much to say, as a conny-catcher of good fellowship. For that one word, you shall pledge me a carouse: eate a spoonfull of the curd to allay your choller. My mates and felloues, sing no more, Merry, merry: but weep out a lamentable hooky, hooky, and let your Sickles cry, Sicke, sicke, and very sicke, & sicke, and for the tyme; for Haruest your master is abusde without reason or rime. I haue no conscience I; Ile come neerer to you, and yet I am no scabbe, nor no louse. Can you make proofe where euer I sold away my conscience, or pawnd it? doe you know who wold buy it, or lend any money vpon it? I thinke I haue giuen you the pose; blow your nose, master constable. But to say that I impouerish the earth, that I robbe the man in the moone, that I take a purse on the top of Paules steeple; by this straw and thrid I sweare, you are no gentleman, no proper man, no honest man, to make mee sing, O man in desperation.

Summers last will

Summer. I must giue credit vnto what I heare;
For other then I heare, attract I nought.

Harest. I, I, nought seeke, nought haue: an ill husband is
the first steppe to a knaue. You obiect I feede none at my
boord. I am sure, if you were a hogge, you would neuer say
so: for, surreuerence of their worships, they feed at my stable,
table, euery day. I keepe good hospitality for hennes & geese;
Gleaners are oppressed with heauy burdens of my bounty.
They rake me, and eate me to the very bones, till there be no
thing left but grauell and stones, and yet I giue no almes, but
deuoure all. They say when a man cannot heare well, you
heare with your haruest eares: but if you heard with your
haruest eares, that is, with the eares of corne, which my almes-
cart scatters, they would tell you, that I am the very poore mans
boxe of pitie, that there are more holes of liberality open in
haruests heart, then in a sive, or a dust-boxe. Suppose you
were a craftsman, or an Artificer, and should come to buy
corne of mee, you should haue bushels of mee, not like the
Bakers loafe, that should waygh but sixe ounces, but vsury for
your mony, thousands for one: what would you haue more?
Eate mee out of my apparell, if you will, if you suspect mee
for a miser.

Summer. I credit thee, and thinke thou wert belide.
But tell mee, hadst thou a good crop this yea're?

Harest. Hay, Gods plenty, which was so sweete and so
good, that when I ierted my whip, and said to my horses but
Hay, they would goe as they were mad.

Summer. But hay alone thou saist not; but hay-ree.

Harest. I sing hay-ree, that is, hay and rye: meaning, that
they shall haue hay and rye their belly-fulls, if they will draw
hard; So wee say, wa, hay, when they goe out of the way:
meaning, that they shall want hay, if they will not doe as they
should doe.

Summer. How thriue thy oates, thy barley, and thy wheate?

Harest. My oates grew like a cup of beere that makes the
brewer rich: my rye like a Caualier, that weares a huge feather

and Testament.

in his cap, but hath no courage in his heart; had a long stalkē,
a goodly huske, but nothing so great a kernell as it was wont:
my barley, euen as many a nouice is crossebitten, as soone as
euer hee peepes out of the shell, so was it frost-bitten in the
blade, yet pickt yp his crummes agayne afterward, and bade,
Fill pot, hostesse, in spite of a deare yeere. As for my
Peale and my Fetches, they are famous, and not to be
spoken of.

Autumne. I, I, such countrey button'd caps as you,
Doe want no fetches to vndoe great townes.

Haruest. Will you make good your words, that wee want
no fetches?

Winter. I, that he shall.

Haruest. Then fetch vs a cloake-bagge, to carry away
your selfe in.

Summer. Plough-swaynes are blunt, and will taunt
bitterly.

Haruest, when all is done, thou art the man,
Thou doest me the best seruice of them all:
Rest from thy labours till the yeere renues,
And let the husbandmen sing of thy prayse.

Haruest. Rest from my labours, and let the husbandmen
sing of my prayse? Nay, we doe not meane to rest so; by your
leauue, we'le haue a largesse amongst you, e're we part.

All. A largesse, a largesse, a largesse.

Will Summer. Is there no man that will giue them a hisse for
a largesse?

Haruest. No, that there is not, goodman Lundgis: I see,
chariti waxeth cold, and I thinke this house be her habitatiō,
for it is not very hot; we were as good euen put vp our pipes,
and sing Merry, merry, for we shall get no money.

Here they goe out all singing,

Merry, merry, merry, cheary, cheary, cheary,
Trowle the blacke bowle to me:

Summers last will

Hey derry, derry, with a poupe and a lerrie,
Ile trowle it agame to thee :

Hockie, hockie, we haue shorne and we haue bound,
And we haue brought haruest home to towne.

Will Summer. Well, go thy waies, thou bundle of straw ;
Ile give thee this gift, thou shalt be a Clowne while thou liu'st.
As lustie as they are, they run on the score with Georges wife
for their posset, and God knowes who shal pay goodman Yeo-
mans, for his wheat sheafe : they may sing well enough, Trowle
the blacke bowle to mee, trowle the blacke bowle to mee :
for, a hundredth to one, but they will bee all drunke, e're
they goe to bedde : yet, of a slauering foole, that hath
no conceyte in any thing, but in carrying a wand in his
hand, with commendation when he runneth by the high way
side, this stripling *Haruest* hath done reasonable well. O that
some bodie had had the wit to set his thatcht suite on fire, and
so lighted him out : If I had had but a Iet ring on my finger, I
might haue done with him what I list ; I had spoild him, I had
tooke his apparrell prisoner ; for it being made of straw, & the
nature of Iet, to draw straw vnto it, I would haue nailde him
to the pommell of my chaire, till the play were done, and then
haue carried him to my chamber dore, and laide him at the
threshold as a wispe, or a piece of mat, to wipe my shooes on,
euerie time I come vp durtie.

Summer. Vertumnus, call Bacchus.

Vertum. Bacchus, Baccha, Bacchum, god Bacchus, god fat-
backe, Baron of dubble beere, and bottle ale, come in & shew
thy nose that is nothing pale : backe, backe there, god barrell-
bellie may enter.

Enter Bacchus riding vpon an Asse trapt in Iuie, himselfe dreſt
in Vine leaues, and a garland of grapes on his heade: his com-
panions hauing all Iacks in their hands, and Iuie garlands
on their heads, they come insinging.

The

and Testament.

The Song.

Mounsieur Mirgo, for quaffing doth surpassē,
In Cuppe, in Canne, or glasse.

God Bacchus doe mee right,

And dubbe mee knight Domingo.

Bacchus. Wherefore diest thou call mee, *Vertumnus*? hast
any drinke to giue mee? One of you hold my Asle while I
light; walke him vp and downe the hall, till I take a word or
two.

Summer. What, Bacchus? still *animus in patinis*, no mind
but on the pot?

Bacchus. Why, Summer, Summer, how wouldst doe, but
for rayne? What is a faire houle without water comming to
it? Let mee see how a smith can worke, if hee haue not his
trough standing by him. What sets an edge on a knife? the
grindstone alone? no, the meyest element powr'd vpō it, which
grinds out all gape, sets a poynt vpon it, & scowres it as bright
as the firmament. So, I tell thee, giue a soldier wine before he
goes to battaille, it grinds out all gaps, it makes him forget all
scarres and wondre, and fight in the thickest of his enemies, as
though hee were but at foyles, amongst his fellows. Giue a
scholler wine, going to his booke, or being about to inuent, it
sets a new poynt on his wit, it glazeth it, it scowres it, it giues
him acumen. Plato saith, *vinum esse somitem quedam, et incitabilem ingenij virtutisque*. Aristotle saith, *Nulla est magna scientia absque mixtura amentie*. There is no excellent knowledge
without mixture of madnesse. And what makes a man more
madde in the head then wine? *Qui bere vult poyein, debet ante pingere*, He that will doe well, must drinke well. Promes, promes,
potum pro me: Ho butler, a fresh pot. *Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero terra pulsanda*: a pox on him that leaues his drinke be-
hind him; hey Rendouow.

Summer. It is wines custome, to be full of words.
I pray thee, Bacchus, giue vs *vicissitudinem loquendi*.

Bacchus. A fiddlesticke, ne're tell me I am full of words,
Fecundi calices, quem non fecere desertum: aut epi, aut abi, cyther

Summers last will

take your drinke, or you are an infidell.

Summer. I woulde about thy vintage question thee :
How thrue thy vines? hadst thou good store of grapes?

Bac. *Vinum quasi venenum*, wine is poysone to a sicke body; a sick body is no sound body; *Ergo*, wine is a pure thing, & is poysone to all corruption. Try-hill, the hūters hoope to you: ile stand to it, *Alexander* was a braue man, and yet an arrant drunkard.

Winter. Eye, drunken so, forget it thou where thou art?
My Lord askes thee, what vintage thou hast made?

Bac. Our vintage, was a vintage, for it did not work vpon the aduantage, it came in the vauntgard of Summer, & winds and stormes met it by the way, and made it cry, Alas and welladay.

Summer. That was not well, but all miscaried not?

Bac. Faith, shal I tel you no lye? Because you are my countryman, & so forth, & a good fellow, is a good fellow, though he haue neuer a peany in his purse: We had but euen pot luck, a little to moyten our lips, and no more. That same *Sol*, is a Pagan, and a Proselite, hee shinde so bright all summer, that he burnd more grapes, then his beames were worth, were every beame as big as a weauers beame. *A fabis abstinentiam*; faith, he shuld haue abstaind: for what is flesh & blud without his liquor?

Autumne. Thou want'lt no liquor, nor no flesh and bloud,
I pray thee may I aske without offence?
How many tunnes of wine haft in thy paunch?
Me thinks, that, built like a round church,
Should yet haue some of *Julius Cæsars* wine:
I warrant, twas not broacht this hundred yere.

Bacchus. Hear'lt, thou dow-belly, because thou talkst, and talkst, & dar'lt not drinke to me a blacke lack, wilt thou giue me leaue, to broach this little kilderkin of my corps, against thy backe? I know thou art but a mycher, & dar'lt not stand me.

Winter. Grammercy, Bacchus, as much as thought I did.

For this tyme thou must pardon me perforce.

Bacchus. What, giue me the disgrace? Goe to, I say, I am no Pope, to pardō any man. *Ran, ran, iotta, cold beere makes good bloud.*

and Testament.

bloud, S. George for Englād: somewhat is better then nothing.
Let me see, haſt thou done me iuſtice? why ſo: thou art a king,
though there were no more kings in the cards but the knaue.
Summer, wilſt thou haue a deſtiny culuering, that ſhall cry huyſty
tuyſty, and make thy cup flye fine meale in the Element?

Summer. No, keepe thy drinke, I pray thee, to thy ſelfe.

Bacchus. This Pupillonian in the fooles coate, ſhall haue a caſt
of martins, & a whitfe. To the health of Captaine Rinoceroſtry:
ooke to it, let him haue weight and meaſure.

Will Summer. What an aſſe is this? I cannot drinke ſo much,
thought I ſhould burſt.

Bacchus. Foole, doe not refufe your moyst ſuſtenance; come,
come, dogs head in the pot, doe what you are borne to.

Will Summer. If you will needs make me a drunkard againſt
my will, ſo it is, ile try what burthen my belly is of.

Bacchus. Crouch, crouch on your knees, foole, when you
pledge god Bacchus.

Here Will ſumer drinks, & they ſing about him. Bacchus begins.

All. Monsieur Mingo for quaffing did ſurpaſſe,
In Cup, in Can, or glaſſe.

Bacchus. Ho, wel ihot, a tutcher, a tutcher: for quaffing Toy
doth paſſe, in cup, in canne, or glaſſe.

All. God Bacchus doe him right, and dubbe him knight.

Bac. Rife vp Sir Robert Tolpot. Here he dubs Will Summer

Sum. No more of this, I hate it to the death. with the black
No ſuch deformers of the ſoule and ſence,

Lacke,

As is this swyniſh dami'd-borne drunkennes,

Bacchus, for thou abuſeſt ſo earths fruits,

Imprifned liue in cellars and in vawtes,

Let none commit their counſels vnto thee:

Thy wrath be fatall to thy deareſt friends,

Vnarmed runne vpon thy foemenſ swords,

Neuer feare any plague, before it fall:

Dropsies, and watry tympanies haunt thee,

Thy lungs with ſurfeting be putrifized,

To cauſe thee haue an odious ſlinking breath,

Slauer and driuell like a child at mouth,

D 2

Be

Summers last will

Bee poore and beggerly in thy old age,
Let thy owne kinsmen laugh, when thou complaynst,
And many teares gayne nothing but blind scoffes.
This is the guerdon due to drunkennes;
Shame, sicknes, misery, followe excesse.

Bacchus. Now on my honor, Sir Summer, thou art a bad member, a Dunse, a mungrell, to discredit so worshipfull an arte after this order. Thou hast curst me, and I will blesse thee: Neuer cup of *Nipitay* in London, come neere thy niggardly habitation. I beseech the gods of good fellowship, thou maist fall into a consumption with drinking sinal beere. Every day maist thou eate fish, and let it sticke in the midst of thy maw, for want of a cup of wine to swim away in. Venison be *Venernum* to thee; & may that Vintner haue the plague in his house, that fels thee a drop of claret to kill the poyson of it. As many wounds maist thou haue, as *Cesar* had in the Senate house, and get no white wine to wash them with: And to conclude, pine away in melancholy and sorrow, before thou hast the fourth part of a dramme of my Iuice to cheare vp thy spirits.

Summer. Hale him away, he barketh like a wolfe,
It is his drinke, not hee that rayles on vs.

Bacchus. Nay soft, brother Summer, back with that foote, here is a snuffe in the bottome of the Iack, inough to light a man to bed withall, wee'l leaue no flocks behind vs whatsoeuer wee doe.

Summer. Go dragge him hence I say when I commaund.

Bacchus. Since we must needs goe, let's goe merrily. Farewell, sir Robert Tosse-pot: sing amayne, *Mounsieur Myngō*, whilst I mount vp my Asse.

Here they goe out singing, Mounsieur Myngō, as they came in.

Will Summer. Of all gods, this *Bacchus* is the ill-fauourd'ſt mishapen god that euer I sawe. A poxe on him, he hath criftened me with a newe nickname of sir *Robert Tosse-pot*, that will not part frō me this twelmonth. Ned fooles clothes are so perfumde with the beere he powrd on me, that there shall not be a Dutchinā within 20 mile, but he'l smel out & claime kindred

and Testament.

of him. What a beastly thing is it, to bottle vp ale in a man's belly, whē a man must set his guts on a gallō pot last, only to purchase the alehouse title of a *boone companion*: Carowse, pledge me and you dare: S' wounds, ile drinke with thee for all that euer thou art worth. It is euē as 2. men shold striue who shold run furthest into the sea for a wager. Methinkes these are good household termes; Will it please you to be here, sir? I comend me to you: shall I be so bold as trouble you? sauing your tale I drink to you. And if these were put in practise but a yeare or two in tauernes, wine would soone fall from sixe and twentie pound a tunne, and be beggers money, a penie a quart, and take vp his Inne with wast beere in the almes tub. I am a sinner as others: I must not say much of this argument. Euerie one when hee is whole, can giue aduice to them that are sicke. My masters, you that be good fellowes, get you into corners, and soupe off your prouender closely: report hath a blister on her tongue: open tauerns are tel-tales. *Non peccat, quicunq; potest peccasse negare.*

Summer. Ile call my seruants to account said I:

A bad account: worse seruants no man hath.

Quos credis fidos effuge, tutus eris:

The prouerbe I haue prou'd to be too true,

Totidem domi hostes habemus, quot seruos.

And that wise caution of Democritus,

Seruus necessaria possessio, non autem dulcis:

Nowhere fidelite and labour dwells.

Hope, yong heads count to build on had I wist.

Conscience but few respect, all hunt for gaine;

Except the Cammell haue his prouender

Hung at his mouth, he will not trauell on.

Fyresias to Narcissus promised

Much prosperous hap, and many golden daies,

If of his beautie he no knowledge tooke.

Knowledge breeds pride, pride breedeth discontent.

Blacke discontent, thou vrgest to reuenge.

Reuenge opes not her cares to poore mens praiers.

That dolt destruction, is she without doubt,

Summers last will

That hales her foorth and feedeth her with nought,
Simplicite and plainnesse, you I loue:
Hence double diligence, thou mean'st deceit.
Those that now serpent-like creepe on the ground,
And seeme to eate the dust, they crowch so low:
If they be disappointed of their pray,
Most traiterously will trace their tailes and sting.
Yea, such as like the Lapwing build their nests
In a mans dung, come vp by drudgerie,
Will be the first; that-like that foolish bird,
Will follow him with yelling and false cries.
Well sung a shepheard (that now sleepes in skies)
Dumbe swaines do loue, & not vaine chattering pies.
In mountaines Poets say Echo is hid,
For her deformitie and monstrous shape:
Those mountaines are the houses of great Lords,
Where Scenter with his hundred voices sounds
A hundred trumpes at once with rumor fild:
A woman they imagine her to be,
Because that sexe keepes nothing close they heare:
And that's the reason magicke writers frame,
There are more witches woenen then of men;
For women generally for the most part,
Of secrets more desirous of, then men,
Which having got, they haue no power to hold.
In these times had Echoes first fathers liu'd,
No woman, but a man she had beene faid.
(Though women yet will want no newes to prate.)
For men (meane men) the skumme & drosle of all,
Will talke and babble of they know not what,
Vpbraid, depraue, and taunt, they care not whom:
Surmises passe for sound approued truthe:
Familiaritic and conference,
That were the sinewes of societies,
Are now for vnderminings onely vsde,
And nouell wits, that loue none but themselues;

Thinke

Thinke wisedomes height as falsehood sly couch't,
Seeking each other to o'rethow his mate.
O friendship, thy old temple is defac't.
Embrasing every guilefull curtesie,
Hath ouergrown a fraud-wanting honestie.
Examples lieue but in the idle schooles:
Simon beares all the sway in princes courts:
Sicknes, be thou my soules phisition:
Bring the Apothecarie death with thee.
In earth is hell, truce hell felicitie,
Compared with this world the den of wolves.

Aut. My Lord, you are too passionate without cause.

Winter. Grieue not tor that which cannot be recal'd:
Is it your seruants carelesnesse you plaine,
Tullie by one of his owne slaues was slaine.
The husbandman close in his bosome nurst
A subtill snake, that after wrought his bane.

Autumne. Seruos fideles liberalitas facit:
Where on the contrarie, seruitus est:
Those that attend vpon illiberall Lords,
Whose couetize yeelds nought els but faire lookes,
Euen of those faire lookes make their gainfull vise.
For as in Ireland and in Denmarke both
Witches for gold will sell a man a wind,
Which in the corner of a napkin wrapt,
Shall blow him safe vnto what coast he will:
So make ill seruants sale of their Lords wind,
Which wrapt vp in a piece of parchment,
Blowes many a knaue forth danger of the law.

Summer. Inough of this, let me go make my will:
Ah it is made, although I hold my peace,
These two will share betwixt them what I haue,
The surest way to get my will perform'd,
Is to make my executour my heire:
And he, if ali be gauen him and none els,
Vnfallibly will see it well perform'd;

Summers last will

Lyons will feed, though none bid them go to.

Ill growes the tree affordeth ne're a graft.

Had I some issue to sit in my throne, (grone,

My griefe would die, death should not heare mee

But when perforce these must enjoy my wealth,

Which thanke me not, but enter't as a pray;

Bequeath'd it is not, but cleane cast away.

Autumne, be thou successor of my seat:

Hold, take my crowne: looke how he grasps for it,

Thou shalt not haue it yet: but hold it too;

Why should I keep that needs I must forgo?

Winter: Then (dutie laid aside) you do me wrong;

I am more worthe of it farre then he.

He hath no skill nor courage for to rule,

A weather-beaten banckrountasse it is,

That scatters and consumeth all he hath:

Eche one do plucke from him without controll.

He is nor hot nor cold, a sillie soule,

That faise would please eche party, if so he might:

He and the spring are schollers fauourites,

What schollers are, what thrifles kind of men,

Your selfe be iudge, and iudge of him by them.

When Cerberus was headlong drawne from hell,

He voided a blacke poissin frōt his mouth,

Called *Aconitum*, wherof inke was made:

That inke with reeds first laid on dried barkes,

Seru'd men a while to make rude workes withall,

Till *Hermes*, secretarie to the Gods,

Or *Hermes Trismegistus* as some will,

Wearie with grafting in blind characters,

And figures of familiar beasts and plants,

Inuented letters to write lies withall.

In them he pend the fables of the Gods,

The gyants warre, and thousand tales besides.

After eche nation got these foyes in vse,

There grew vp certaine drunken parasites,

Term'd

and Testament.

Term'd Poets, which for a meales meat or two,
Would promise monarchs immortalitie:
They vomited in verse all that they knew,
Found causes and beginnings of the world,
Fetcht pedegrees of mountaines and of flouds,
From men and women whom the Gods transform'd:
If any towne or citie, they pass'd by,
Had in compassion (thinking them mad men)
Forborne to whip them, or imprison them,
That citie was not built by humane hands,
T'was raisde by musique, like Megara walles,
Apollo, poets patron founded it,
Because they found one fitting tauour there :
Musæus, Lynus, Homer, Orpheus,
Were of this trade, and thereby wonne their fame.

With. Summer. Fama malum, quo non velocius ullum.

Winter. Next them, a company of ragged knaues,
Sun-bathing beggers, lazie hedge-creepers,
Sleeping face vpwards in the fields all night,
Dream'd strange deuices of the Sunne and Moone,
And they like Gipsies wandring vp and downe,
Told fortunes, iuggled, nicknam'd all the staires,
And were of idiots term'd Philosophers:
Such was Pithagoras the silencer,
Prometheus, Thales, Milesius,
Who would all things of water should be made:
Anaximander, Anaximenes,
That positiuely said the aire was God;
Zenocrates, that said there were eight Gods:
And Cratoniates, Alcmeon too,
Who thought the Sun and Moone, & stars were gods:
The poorer sort of them that could get nought,
Profest, like beggerly Franciscan Friers,
And the strict order of the Caponchins,
A voluntarie wretched pouertie,
Contempt of gold, thin fare, and lying hard :

Summers last will

Yet he that was most vehement in these,
'Diogenes the Cinicke and the Dogge,
Was taken coyning money in his Cell.

Wil Summer. What an olde Aſſe was that? Me thinks, hee
should haue coynde Cartre rootes rather: for as for money, he
had no vſe for, except it were to melt, and soder vp holes in
his tub withall.

Winter. It were a whole *Olimpiades* worke to tell,
How many diuillish, *ergo* armed arts,
Sprung all as vices, of this Idlenesse:
For euen as ſouldiers not imploide in warres,
But liuing loofely in a quiet ſtate,
Not hauing wherewithall to maintaine pride,
Nay scarce to finde their bellies any foode,
Nought but walke melancholie, and deuise
How they may couſen Marchaſts, fleece young heires,
Creepe into fauour by betraying men,
Robbe churches, beg waste toyes, court city dames,
Who ſhall vndoe their husbands for their ſakes:
The baser rabble how to cheate and ſteale,
And yet be free from penaltie of death.
So thofe word-warriers, lazy ſtar-gazers,
Vſde to no labour, but to lowze themſclues,
Had their heads fild with cooſing fantasies,
They plotted how to make their pouertie,
Better esteemeſde of, then high Soueraignty:
They thought how they might plant a heauē on earth,
Wherof they would be principall lowe gods,
That heauen they called Contemplation,
As much to ſay, as a moſt pleasant flouth,
Which better I cannot compare then this,
That if a fellow licensed to beg,
Should all his life time go from faire to faire,
And buy gape-feede, hauing no busynelle elſe,
That contemplation like an aged weede,
Engendred thouſand ſects, and all thoſe ſects

Were

and Testament.

Were but as these times, cunning shrowded rogues,
Grammarians some: and wherein differ they
From beggers, that professe the Pedlers French &
The Poets next, slouinly tatterd slaues,
That wander, and sell Ballets in the streetes.
Historiographers others there be,
And the like lazers by the high way side,
That for a penny, or a halfe-penny,
Will call each knaue a good fac'd Gentleman,
Giue honor vnto Tinkers, for good Ale,
Preferre a Cobler fore the Black prince farre,
If he bestowe but blacking of their shooes :
And as it is the Spittle-houses guise,
Ouer the gate to write their founders names,
Or on the outside of their walles at least,
In hope by their examples others moou'd,
Will be more bountifull and liberall,
So in the forefront of their Chronicles,
Or Peroratione operis,
They learnings benefactors reckon vp,
Who built this colledge, who gaue that Free-schoole,
What King or Queene aduaunced Schollers most,
And in their times what writers flourished;
Rich men and magistrates whilst yet they liue,
They flatter palpably, in hope of gayne.
Smooth-tounged Orators, the fourth in place,
Lawyers, our common-wealth intitles them,
Meere swash-bucklers, and ruffianly mates,
That will for twelue pence make a doughtie fray,
Set men for strawes together by the eares.
Skie measuring Mathematicians,
Golde-breathing Alcumists also we haue,
Both which are subtil witted humorists,
That get their meales by telling miracles,
Which they haue seene in trauailing the skies,
Vaine boasters, lyers, make-shifts, they are all,

Summers last will

Men that remoued from their inkehorne termes,
Bring forth no action worthie of their bread.
What should I speake of pale physicions?
Who as *Fis menus non nasatus* was,
(Vpon a wager that his friends had laid)
Hir'de to liue in a priuie a whole yeare:
So are they hir'de for lucre and for gaine,
All their whole life to smell on excrements.

Wil. Summer. Very true, for I haue heard it for a prouerbe
many a time and oft, *Hunc os fatidum, fah,* he stinkes like a phi-
sicion.

Winter. Innumerable monstrous practises,
Hath loytring contemplation brought forth more,
Whicht' were too long particular to recite:
Suffice they all conduce vnto this end,
To banish labour, nourish slothfulnesse,
Pamper vp lust, devise newfangled sinnes.
Nay I will iustifie there is no vice,
Which learning and vilde knowledge brought not in,
Or in whose praise some learned haue not wrote.
The arte of murther Machiauel hath pend:
Whoredome hath Ouid to vphold her thronē:
And Aretine of late in Italie,
Whose *Cortigiana* toucheth bawdes their trade.
Gluttonie Epicurus doth defend,
And bookeſ of th'arte of cookerie confirme:
Of which Platina hath not writ the least,
Drunkennesſe of his good behauour
Hath testimoniall from where he was borne:
That pleasant worke *de arte bibendi*,
A drunken Dutchman spued out few yeares ſince:
Nor wanteth ſloth (although ſloths plague bee want)
His paper pillers for to leane vpon,
The praife of nothing pleades his worthinesſe.
Follie Erasmus ſets a flouriſh on,
For baldnesſe, a bald asſe, I haue forgot,

and Testament.

Patcht vp a pamphletarie periwigge.
Slouenrie Grobianus magnifieth :
Sodomitrie a Cardinall commends,
And Aristotle necessarie deemes.
In briefe all bookes, diuinitie except,
Are nougnt but tales of the diuels lawes,
Poyson wrapt vp in sugred words,
Mans pride, damnations props, the worlds abuse:
Then censure (good my Lord) what bookemen are
If they be pestilent members in a state;
He is vnsit to sit at sterne of state,
That fauours such as will o'rethrew his state:
Blest is that gouernment where no arte thriues,
Vox populi, vox Dei :
The vulgars voice, it is the voice of God.
Yet Tully saith, *Non est consilium in vulgo, non ratio, non discrimen,*
non differentia :
The vulgar haue no learning, wit, nor sence.
Themistocles hauing spent all his time
In studie of Philosophie and artes,
And noting well the vanitie of them,
Wisht with repentance, for his follie past,
Some would teach him th'arte of obliuion,
How to forget the arts that he hadlearnd.
And Cicero, whom we alleadg'd before,
(As saith Valerius) stepping into old age,
Despised learning, loathed eloquence.
Naso, that could speake nothing but pure verse,
And had more wit then words to vtter it,
And words as choise as euer Poet had,
Cride and exclaimde in bitter agonie,
When knowledge had corrupted his chaste mind,
Discite quis apitis non hec que scimus inertes,
Sed trepidas acies, & fera bella sequi.
You that be wise, and euer meane to thriue,
O studie not these toyes we sluggards vse.

Summers last will

But follow armes, and waite on barbarous warres.
Young men, yong boyes, beware of Schoolemasters,
They will infect you, marre you, bleare your eyes:
They seeke to lay the curse of God on you,
Namely confusion of languages,
Wherewith those that the towre of *Babel* built,
Accursed were in the worldes infancie.
Latin, it was the speech of Infidels.
Logique hath nought to say in a true cause.
Philosophie is curiositie :
And *Socrates* was therefore put to death,
Onely for he was a Philosopher :
Abhorre, contemne, despite, these damned snares.

Will Summer. Out vpon it , who would be a Scholler? not I,
I promise you: my minde alwayes gaue me, this learning was
such a filthy thing , which made me hate it so as I did : when I
should haue beene at schoole, construynge *Batte, mi fili, mi fili, mi*
Batte, I was close vnder a hedge, or vnder a barne wall, playing
at spanne Counter, or Jacke in a boxe : my master beat me,
my father beat me , my mother gaue me bread and butter, yet
all this would not make me a squitter-booke. It was my desti-
nie, I thanke her as a most courteous goddesse , that shee hath
not cast me away vpon gibridge. O, in what a mighty vain
am I now against Horne-bookes! Here before all this compa-
nie, I professe my selfe an open enemy to Inke and paper. Ile
make it good vpon the Accidence body , that In speech is the
diuels Pater noster : Nownes and Pronounes , I pronounce
you as traitors to boyes buttockes, Syntaxis and Prosodia, you
are tormenters of wit, & good for nothing but to get a schoole-
master two pence a weeke. Hang copies, flye out phrase books,
let pennes be turnd to picktooths: bowles, cards & dice, you are
the true liberal sciēces, Ile ne're be Goosequil, gentleme, while

Sumer. Winter, with patience vnto my griefe, (I lieue,
I haue attened thy inuestiuе tale:
So much vntrueth wit neuer shadowed:
Gainst her owne bowels thou Arts weapon sturn'ſt:

Let

and Testament.

Let none beleue thee, that will euergriue:
Words haue their course, the winde blowes where it lists;
He erres alone, in errof that persists.
For thou gaist *Autumne*, such exceptions tak'it,
I graunt, his ouer-seen thou shalt be,
His treasurer, protector, and his stasse,
He shall do nothing without thy consent;
Prouide thou for his weale, and his content.

Winter. Thanks, gracious Lord: so Ile dispose of him,
As it shall not repent you of your gift.

Autumne. On such conditions no crowne will I take,
I challenge *Winter* for my enemie,
A most infaciate miserable carle,
That, to fill vp his garners to the brim,
Cares not how he indammageth the earth:
What pouerty he makes it to indure!
He ouer-bars the christall streames with yce,
That none but he and his may drinke of them:
All for a fowle *Back-winter* he layes vp;
Hard craggie wayes, and vncouth slippery paths
He frames, that passengers may slide and fall:
Who quaketh not, that heareth but his name?
O, but two sonnes he hath, worse then himselfe,
Christmas the one, a pinch-back, cut-throate churle,
That keepes no open house, as he should do,
Delighteth in no game or fellowship,
Loues no good deeds, and hateth talke,
But sitteth in a corner turning Crabbes,
Or coughing o're a warmed pot of Ale:
Back-winter the other, that's his none sweet boy,
Who like his father taketh in all points,
An elfe it is, compact of eniuious pride,
A miscreant, borne for a plague to men.
A monster, that deuoireth all he meetes:
Were but his father dead, so he would raigne:
Yea he would go goodneere, to deale by him,

Summers last will

As Nabuchodonozors vngratiouſ ſonne,
Enilmerodack by his father dealt:
Who, when his ſire was turned to an Oxe,
Full greedily ſnacht vp his ſoueraigntie,
And thought himſelue a king without controwle.
So it fell out, ſeven yeares expir'de and gone,
Nabuchodonozor came to his ſhape againe,
And diſpoſeit him of the regiment:
Which my young prince no little greeuing at,
When that his father shortly after dide,
Fearing leſt he ſhould come from death againe,
As he came from an Oxe to be a man,
Wil'd that his body ſpoylde of couerture,
Should be caſt forth into the open fieldes,
For Birds and Rauens, to deuoure at will,
Thinking if they bare euery one of them,
A bill full of his fleſh into their neſts,
He would not riſe, to trouble him in haſte.

Will Summer. A vertuous ſonne, and Ile lay my life on't, he
was a Caualiere and a good fellow.

Winter. Pleaseth your honor, all he ſayes, is falſe.

For my owne part I loue good husbandrie,
But hate diſhonourable couetize.
Youth ne're aspires to vertues perfect growth,
Till his wilde oates be ſowne: and ſo the earth,
Vntill his weeds be rotted, with my froſts,
Is not for any ſeede, or tillage fit.
He muſt be purged that hath ſurfeited:
The fields haue ſurfeited with Summer fruities,
They muſt be purg'd, made poore, oppreſt with ſnow,
Ere they recover their decayed pride,
For ouerbarring of the ſtreames with Ice.
Who locks not poyſon from his children's taste?
When Winter raignes, the water is ſo colde,
That it is poyſon, preſent death to thoſe
That wash, or bathe their lims, in his colde ſtreames.

The

and Testament.

The slippier that wayes are vnder vs,
The better it makes vs to heed our steps,
And looke e're we presume too rashly on:
It that my sonnes haue misbehau'd themselues,
A Gods name let them answer't fore my Lord.

Autumne. Now I beseech your honor it may be so.

Summer. With all my heart: *Vertumnus*, go for them:

Wil Summer. This same Harry Baker is such a necessary fel-
low to go on arrants, as you shall not finde in a country. It is
pitty but he shold haue another siluer arrow, if it be but for
crossing the stage, with his cap on.

Summer. To wearie out th: time vntill they come,
Sing me some dolefull ditty to the Lute,
That may complaine my neere approching death.

The Song.

Adieu, farewell earths blisse,
This world vncertaine is,
Fond are lifes lustfull ioyes,
Death proues them all but toyes,
None from his darts can flye,
I am sick, I must dye.

Lord haue mercy on vs.

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
Gold cannot buy you health,
Phisick himselfe must fade.
All things, to end are made,
The plague full swift goes hye,
I am sick, I must dye,

Lord haue mercy on vs.

Summers last will

Beauty is but a flowre,
Which wrinckles will deuoure,
Brightnesse falls from the ayre,
Queenes haue died yong, and faire,
Dust bath cloſe Helens eye.
I am ſick, I muſt dye,

Lord haue mercy on vs.

Strength ſtoopes vnto the graue,
Wormes feed on Hector braue,
Swords may not fight with fate,
Earth ſtill holds ope her gate,
Come, come, the hells do crye.
I am ſick, I muſt dye,

Lord haue mercy on vs.

VVit with his wantonnesſe,
Tasteth deaths bitterness,
Hels executioner,
Hath no eares for to heare,
VVhat vaine art can reply.
I am ſick, I muſt dye,

Lord haue mercy on vs.

Haste therefore eche degree,
To welcome destiny:
Heauen is our heritage,
Earth but a players ſtage,

Mount

and Testament.

Mount wee vnto the sky.
I am sick, I must dye,
Lord haue mercy on vs.

Summer. Beshrew mee, but thy song hath moued mee.

Will Summer. Lord haue mercy on vs, how lamentable 'tis!

Enter Vertumnus with Christmas
and Backwinter.

Vertumnus. I haue dispatcht, my Lord, I haue brought you
them you sent mee for.

Will Summer. What saist thou; hast thou made a good batch?
I pray thee giue mee a new loafe.

Summer. Christmas, how chaunce thou com'st not as the rest,
Accompanied with some musique, or some song?

A merry Carroll would haue grac't thee well,
Thy ancestors haue vs'd it heretofore.

Christmas. I, antiquity was the mother of ignorance; this
latter world that sees but with her spectacles, hath spied a pad
in those sports more then they could.

Summer. What, is't against thy conscience for to sing?

Christmas. No nor to say, by my troth, if I may get a good
bargaine.

Summer. Why, thou shonld'st spend, thou shoule'st not
care to get. Christmas is god of hospitality.

Christmas. So will he never be of good husbandry. I may
say to you, there is many an old god, that is now growne out
of fashion. So is the god of hospitality.

Summer. What reason canst thou giue he shoule be left?

Christmas. No other reason, but that Gluttony is a sinne, &
too many dunghills are infectious. A mans belly was not made
for a poudring beefe tub; to feede the poore twelue dayes, &
let them starue all the yeaer after, would but stretch out the
guts wider then they shoule be, & so make famine a bigger den
in their bellies, then he had before. I shoule kill an oxe, & haue
some such fellow as Milo to come and eate it vp at a mouth-full.

Summers last will

Or like the Sybarites, do nothing all one yeare, but bid ghestes
against the next yeare. The scraping of trenchers you thinke
would put a man to no charges. It is not a hundreth pound a
yeare would serue the scullions in dishcloots. My house stands
vpon vaults, it will fall if it be ouer-loden with a multitude. Be-
sides, haue you neuer read of a city that was vnderminde and
destroyed by Mowles? So, say I keepe hospitalitie, and a whole
faire of beggers bid me to dinner euery day, what with making
legges, when they thanke me at their going away, and settling
their wallets hand somly on their backes, they would shake as
many lice on the ground, as were able to vndermine my house,
and vndoe me vtterly: It is their prayers would builde it againe,
if it were ouerthrowne by this vermine, would it? I pray, who
begun feasting, and gourmandize firt, but *Sardanapalus*, *Nero*,
Heliogabalus, *Commodus*, *tyrants*, *whoremasters*, *vnthriffts*? Some
call them Emperours, but I respect no crownes, but crownes in
the purse. Any man may weare a siluer crowne, that hath made a
fray in Smithfield, & lost but a peece of his braine pan. And to
tell you plaine, your golden crownes are little better in sub-
stance, and many times got after the same sort.

Summer. Grosse-headed sor, how light he makes of state!

Autumne. Who treadeth not on stars when they are fallen?
Who talketh not of states, when they are dead?
A foole conceits no further then he sees,
He hath no scence of ought, but what he feeles.

Christmas. I, I, such wise men as you, come to begge at such
fooles doores as we be.

Autumne. Thou shutst thy dore, how should we beg of thee?
No almes but thy sincke carries from thy house.

Wil Summer. And I can tell you, that's as plentifull almes for
the plague, as the sherifffes tub to them of Newgate.

Autumne. For feasts thou keepest none, cankers thou feedest.
The wormes will curse thy flesh another day,
Because it yeeldeth them no fatter pray.

Christmas. What wormes do another day I care not, but Ile
be sworne vpon a whole Kilderkin of single Beere, I will not
haue

and Testament.

haue a worme-eaten nose like a Pursuiant, while I liue. Feasts are but puffing vp of the flesh, the purveyors for diseases, trauell, colt, time ill spent. O, it were a trim thing to send, as the Romanes did, round about the world for prouision for one banquet. I must rigge shippes to Samos for Peacockes, to Paphos for Pigeons, to Austria for Oysters, to Phasis for Phesants, to Arabia for Phænixes, to Meander for Swans, to the Orcades for Geese, to Brigia for Woodcocks, to Malta for Cranes, to the Isle of Man for Puffins, to Ambracia for Goates, to T'arcole for Lampreys, to Egypt for Dates, to Spaine for Chestnuts, and all for one feast.

Wil Summer. O sir, you need not, you may buy them at London better cheape.

Christmas. Liberalitas liberalitate perit, loue me a little and loue me long: our feete must haue wherewithall to feede the stomes, our backs walles of wooll to keepe out the colde that besiegeth our warine blood, our doores must haue barres, our dubblets must haue buttons. Item, for an olde sword to scrape the stomes before the dore with, three halfe-pence for stitching a wodden tanckard that was burst. These Water-bearers will empty the conduit and a mans coffers at once. Not a Porter that brings a man a letter, but will haue his penny. I am afraid to keepe past one or two seruants, least hungry knaues they should rob me: and those I keepe, I warrant I do not pamper vp too lusty, I keepe them vnder with red Herring and poore Iohn all the yeare long. I haue dambd vp all my chimnies for teare (though I burne nothing but small cole) my house should be set on fire with the smoake. I will not deny, but once in a dozen yeare when there is a great rot of sheepe, and I know not what to do with them, I keepe open house for all the beggers, in some of my out-yardes, marry they must bring bread with them, I am no Baker.

Wil Summer. As good men as you, and haue thought no scorne to serue their prentiships on the pillory.

Summer. Winter, is this thy sonnes? heat'st how he talkes?

Winter. I am his father, therefore may not speake,

Summers last will

But otherwise I could excuse his fault.

Summer. Christmas, I tell thee plaine, thou art a snudge,
And wert not that we loue thy father well,
Thou shouldest haue felt, what longs to Auarice.
It is the honor of Nobility,
To keepe high dayes and sole nne festivals :
Then, to set their magnificence to view,
To frolick open with their fauorites,
And vse their neighbours with all curtesie,
When thou in huggar mugger spend'st thy wealth!
Amend thy maners, breathe thy rusty gold :
Bounty will win thee loue, when thou art old.

Wil Summer. I, that bounty would I faine meete, to borrow
money of, he is fairely blest now a dayes, that scapes blowes
when he begges. *Verba dandi & reddendi*, goe together in the
Grammer rule : there is no giuing but with condition of resto-
ring: ah *Benedicite*, well is he hath no necessarie of gold ne of su-
stenance ; slowe good hap comes by chance; flattery best fares;
Arts are but idle wares; faire words want giuing hāds; the Lēto
begs that hath no lands; fie on thee thou scuruy knaue, that hast
nought, and yet goest braue; a prison be thy death bed, or be
hangd all saue the head.

Summer. Back-winter, stand foorth.

Vertum. Stand forth, stād forth, hold vp your head, speak out.

Back-winter. What, should I stand? or whether, should I go?

Summer. Autumne accuseth thee of sundry crimes,
Which heere thou art to cleare, or to confessē.

Back-winter. With thee, or Autumne, haue I nought to do?
I would you were both hanged face to face.

Summer. Is this the reuerence that thou ow'st to vs?

Back-winter. Why note what art thou?

Shalt thou alwayes liue?

Autumne. It is the veriest Dog in Christendome.

Winter. That's for he barkes at such a knaue as thou.

Back-winter. Would I could barke the sunne out of the sky,
Turne Moone and starres to frozen Meteors,

And

and Testament.

And make the Ocean a dry land of Yce,
With tempest of my breath, turne vp high trees,
On mountaines heape vp second mounts of snowe,
Which melted into water, might fall downe,
As fell the deluge on the former world.
I hate the ayre, the fire, the Spring, the yeare,
And what so e're brings mankinde any good.
O that my lookes were lightning to blast fruites!
Would I with thunder presently might dye,
So I might speake in thunder, to slay men.
Earth, if I cannot iniure thee enough,
Ile bite thee with my teeth, Ile scratch thee thus,
Ile beate downe the partition with my heeles,
Which as a mud-vault seuers hell and thee.
Spirits, come vp, 'tis I that knock for you,
One that enuies the world, farre more then you;
Come vp in millions, millions are to few,
To execute the malice I intend.

Summer. O scelus inauditum, O vox damnatorum!
Not raging *Hacuba*, whose hollow eyes
Gauue sucke to fistie sorrowes at one time,
That midwife to so many murders was,
Vnde halfe the execrations that thou doost.

Back-winter. More I wil vse, if more I may preuaile:
Back-winter comes but seldom foorth abroad,
But when he comes, he pincheth to the prooffe;
Winter is milde, his sonne is rough and sterne.
Ouid could well write of my tyranny,
When he was banisht to the frozen Zoane.

Summer. And banisht be thou frō my fertile bounds.
Winter, imprison him in thy darke Cell,
Or with the windes, in bellowing caues of brassie,
Let sterne *Hipporatos* locke him vp safe,
Ne're to peepe foorth, but when thou faint and weake
Want'st him to ayde thee in thy regiment.

Back-winter. I will peepe foorth, thy kingdome to supplant:

Summers last will

My father I will quickly freeze to death,
And then sole Monarch will I sit and thinke,
How I may banish thee, as thou doost me.

Winter. I see my downefall written in his browes :
Conuay him hence, to his assigned hell.
Fathers are giuen to loue their sonnes too well.

Wil Summer. No by my troth, nor mothers neither, I am sure
I could never finde it. This *Back-winter* playes a rayling part to
no purpose, my small learning findes no reason for it, except as
a *Back-winter* or an after winter is more raging tempestuous,
and violent then the beginning of *Winter*, so he brings him in
Stamping and raging as if he were madde, when his father is a
jolly milde quiet olde man, and stands still and does nothing.
The court accepts of your meaning; you might haue writ in
the margent of your play-booke, Let there be a fewe rushes
laide in the place where *Back-winter* shall tumble, for feare of
raying his cloathes : or set downe, Enter *Back-winter*, with his
boy, bringing a brush after him, to take off the dust if need re-
quire. But you will ne're haue any ward-robe wit while you
liue, I pray you holde the booke well, we be not *nonplus* in the
latter end of the play.

Summer. This is the last stroke, my youngs clock must strike,
My last will, which I will that you performe :
My crowne I haue disposde already of.
Item, I giue my withered flowers, and herbes,
Vnto dead corses, for to decke them with,
My shady walkes to great mens seruitors,
Who in their masters shadowes walke secure,
My pleasant open ayre, and fragrant smels,
To Croyden and the grounds abutting round,
My heate and warmth to toyling labourers,
My long dayes to bondmen, and prisoners,
My short nights to young married soules,
My drought and thirst, to drunkards quenchlesse throates,
My fruites to *Autumne* my adopted heire,
My murmuring springs, musicians of sweete sleepe,
To murmuring male-contents, with their well tun'de cares,

and Testament.

Channeled in a sweete falling quaterzaine,
Do lull their eares asleepe, listning themselves.
And finally, O words, now clelse your course,
Vnto Eliza that most sacred Dame,
Whom none but Saints and Angels ought to name;
All my faire dayes remaining, I bequeath
To waite vpon her till she be returnd.
Autumne, I charge thee, when that I am dead,
Be prest and seruiceable at her heck,
Present her with thy goodliest ripened fruites,
Vnclothe no Arbors where she euer late,
Touch not a tree, thou thinkst she may passe by.
And Winter, with thy wrythen frostie face,
Smoothe vp thy visage when thou lookst on her,
Thou never lookst on such bright maiestie:
A charmed circle draw about her court,
Wherein warme dayes may daunce, & no cold come,
On seas let winds make warre, not vexe her rest,
Quiet inclose her bed, thought flye her brest.
Ah gracious Queene, though Summer pine away,
Yet let thy flourishing stand at a stay,
First droupe this vniuersals aged frame,
E're any malady thy strength should tame:
Heauen raise vp pillers to vphold thy hand,
Peace may haue still histemple in thy land.
Loe, I haue said, this is the totall summe.
Autumne and Vinter, on your faithfulnessse,
For the performance I do firmly builde.
Farewell, my friends, Summer bids you farewell,
Archers, and bowlers, all my followers,
Adieu, and dwell with desolation,
Silence must be your masters mansion:
Slow marching thus, descend I to the feends.
Weepe heauens, mourne earth, here Summer ends.
*Heere the Satyres and Wood-nimpes carry him
out, singing as he came in.*

Summers last will

The Song.

Autumne bath all the Summers fruitefull treasure,
Gone is our sport, fled is poore Croydens pleasure:
Short dayes, sharpe dayes, long nights come on apace,
Ah who shall hide vs, from the Winters face? -
Colde dooth increase, the sicknesse will not cease,
And here we lye God knowes, with little ease:
From winter, plague & pestilence, good Lord deliuer vs.

London dooth mourne, Lambeth is quite forlorne,
Trades cry, Woe worth, that euer they were borne:
The want of Terme, is towne and Cities barme,
Close chambers we do want, to keepe vs warme,
Long banished must we lye from our friends:
This lowe built boise, will bring vs to our ends.

From w^m, plague & pestilence, good Lord deliuer vs.

Wil Summer. How is't? how is't? you that be of the grauer
sort, do you thinke these youths worthy of a *Plandise* for pray-
ing for the Queene, and singing of the Letany? they are poore
felloyes I must needes say, and haue bestowed great labour in
sowing leaues, and grasse, and strawe, and mosele vpon east
suites. You may do well to warine your hands with clapping,
before you go to bed, and send them to the tauerne with merry
hearts. Here is a pretty boy comes with an *Epilogue*, to get
him audacity. I pray you sit still a little, and heare him say his
lesson without booke. It is a good boy, be not afraide, turne
thy face to my Lord. Thou and I will play at poutch, to mor-
row morning for a breakfast. Come and sit on my knee, and
Ile daunce thee, if thou canst not indure to stand.

The

The Epilogue.

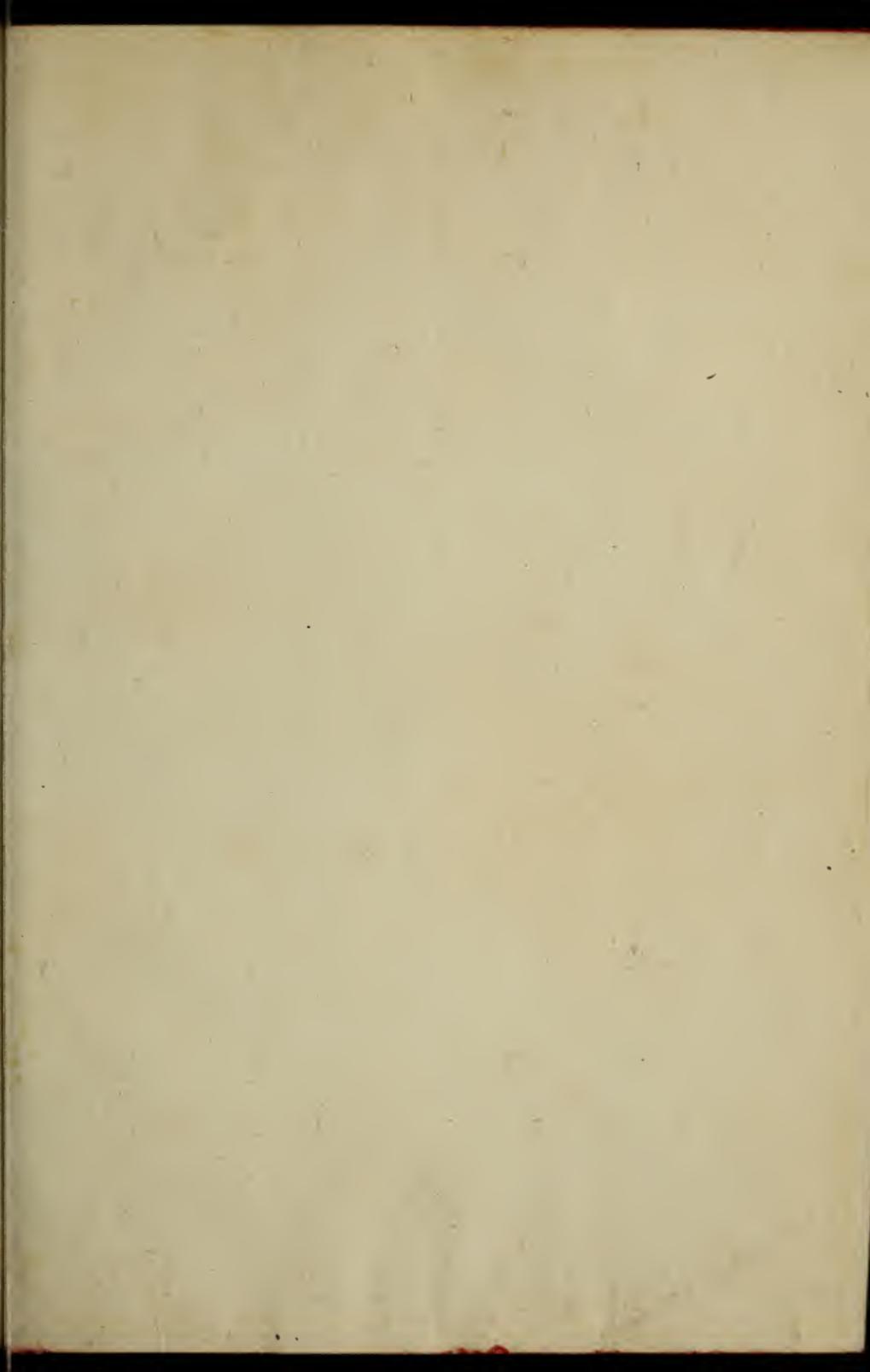
Visiss a Dwarffe, and the prolocutor for the *Grecians*,
 gaue me leave that am a Pigmee, to doe an Emballage
 to you from the Cranes: Gentlemen (for Kings are no
 better) certaine humble Animals, called our Actors,
 commend them vnto you; who, what offence they haue com-
 mitted, I know not (except it be in purloyning some houres out
 of times treasury, that might haue beeene better imployde; but
 by me (the agent for their imperfections) they humbly craue
 pardon, if happily some of their termes haue trodde awrye, or
 their tonges stumbled vnwittingly on any mans content. In
 much Corne is some Cockle; in a heape of coyne heere and
 there a peece of Copper; wit hath his dregs as well as wine;
 words their waste, Inke his blots, euery speech his Parenthesis,
 Poetical fury, as well Crabbes as Sweetings for his Summer
 fruities. *Nemo sapit omnibus horis.* Their folly is deuided, their
 feare is yet liuing. Nothing can kill an Asse but colde: colde
 entertainement, discouraging scoffes, authorized disgraces,
 may kill a whole litter of young Asses of them heere at once,
 that haue traueld thus farre in impudence, onely in hope to sit
 a sunning in your smiles. The Romanes dedicated a Temple
 to the feuer quartane, thinking it some great God, because
 it shooke them so: and another, to Ill fortune in *Exquillitis*
 a Mountaine in Roome, that it should not plague them at
 Cardes and Dice. Your Graces frownes are to them shaking
 feuers, your least disfauours, the greatest ill fortune that may
 betide them. They can builde no Temples, but themselues
 and their best indeuours, with all prostrate reverence, they
 here dedicate and offer vp, wholy to your seruice. *Sis bonus, O
 felixque tuis.* To make the gods merry, the coelestiall clowne
Vulcan tun'de his polt foote, to the measures of *Apolloes*
Lute, and daunst a limping Gallyard in *Iones* starrie hall.

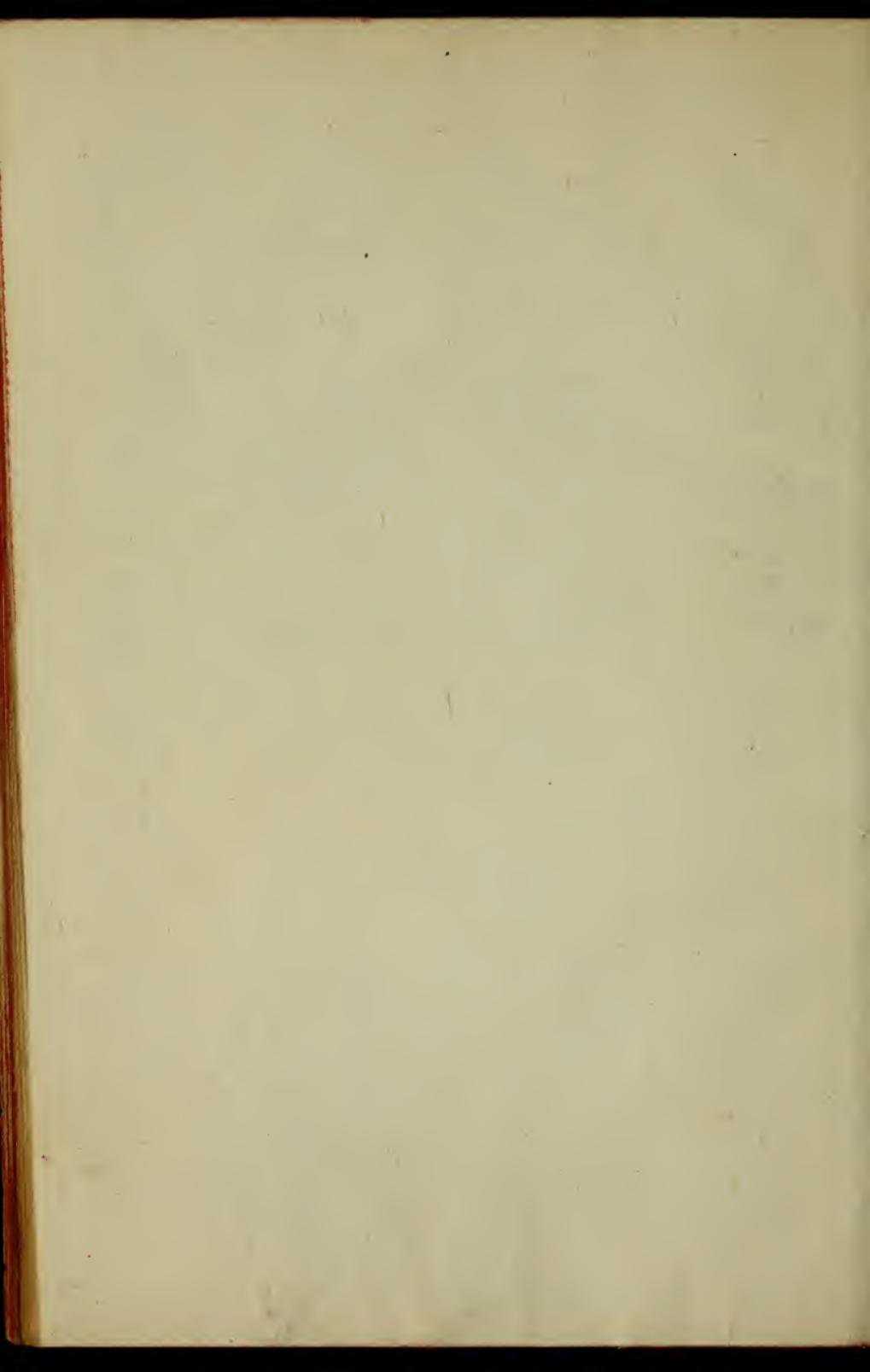
To make you merry that are the Gods of Art, and guides unto heauen, a number of rude *Vulcans*, vnweldy speakers, hammer-headed clownes (for so it pleaseth them in modestie to name themselues) haue set their deformities to view, as it were in a daunce here before you. Beare with their wants, lull melancholie asleepe with their absurdities, and expect hereafter better fruites of their industrie. Little creatures often terrifie great beasts: the Elephant flyeth from a Rammie, the Lyon from a Cock and from fire; the Crocodile from all Sea-fish, the Whale from the noyse of parched bones; light toyes chase great cares. The great foole Toy hath marde the play: Good night, Gentlemen; I go, let him be carried away.

Wil Summer. Is't true Iackanapes, doo you serue me so? As sure as this coate is too short for me, all the Points of your hoase for this are condemn'd to my pocker, if you and I e're play at spanne Counter more. *Valete, spectatores,* pay for this sport with a *Plaudite*, and the next time the winde blowes from this corner, we will make you ten times as merry.

*Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non
intelligor ulli.*

F. I N I S.





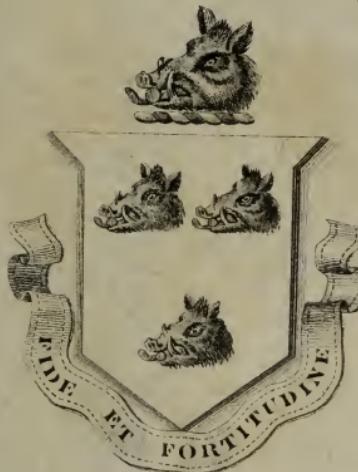
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